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JESSIE LORING;

OR,

THE HAND BUT NOT THE HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

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CHAPTER XIII.

The effort to interest her husband in things purely intellectual failed, and a shade of disappointment settled on the feelings of Mrs. Dexter. She soared, altogether, too far up into the mental atmosphere for him. He thought her too ideal and transcendental;—and she felt that only the sensual principles in his mind were living and active. Conversation died between them, and both relapsed into that abstracted silence—musing on one side and moody on the other—which filled so large a portion of their time when together.

"Shall we go down to the parlors?" said Mr. Dexter, rousing himself. "The afternoon is running away fast towards evening."

"I am more fatigued than usual,'" was answered, "and do not care to make my appearance before tea time. You go down: and I will occupy myself with a book. When the tea-bell rings, I will wait for you to come and escort me to the table."

Mr. Dexter did not urge her to leave their rooms, but went down as she had suggested. The moment he left her, there occurred a marked change in her whole appearance. She was sitting on a lounge by the window. Instead of rising to get a book, or seeking for any external means of passing a solitary hour, she shrunk down in her seat, letting her eyes droop gradually to the floor. At first, her countenance was disturbed; but its aspect changed to one of deep abstraction. And thus she sat for nearly an hour. The opening of her room door startled her into a life of external consciousness. Her husband entered. She glanced up at his face, and saw that something had occurred to ruffle his feelings. He looked at her strangely for some moments, as if searching for expected meanings in her countenance.

"Are you not well?" Mrs. Dexter asked.

"Oh, yes. I'm well enough," he answered, with unusual abruptness of manner.

She said no more, and he commenced pacing the floor of their small parlor backwards and forwards with restless footsteps.

Once, without moving her head or body, Mrs. Dexter stole a glance toward her husband; she encountered his eyes, turned as stealthily upon her, and scanning her face with an earnest scrutiny. A moment their eyes lingered, mutually spell bound, and then the glances were mutually withdrawn. Mr. Dexter continued his nervous perambulations, and his wife remained seated and silent.

The ringing of a bell announced tea. Mr. Dexter paused, and Mrs. Dexter, rising without remark, took his arm, and they went down to the dining hall, neither of them speaking a word. On taking her place at the table, Mrs. Dexter's eyes ran quickly up and down the lines of faces opposite. This was done with so slight a movement of the head, that her husband, who was on the alert, did not detect the rapid observation. For some three or four minutes the guests came filing in, and all the while, Mrs. Dexter kept glancing from face to face. She did not move her head, nor seem interested in the people around her; but her eyes told a very different story. Twice the waiter asked if she would take tea or coffee, before she noticed him, and her answer, "Coffee," apprised her watchful husband of the fact that she was more than usually lost in thought.

"Not coffee?" Mr. Dexter bent to his wife's ear.

"No, black tea," she said, quickly, partly turning to the waiter. "I was not thinking," she added, speaking to her husband. At the moment Mrs. Dexter turned towards the waiter, she leaned forward, over the table, and gave a rapid glance down at the row of faces on that side; and in replying to her husband, she managed to do the same thing for the other end of the table. No change in her countenance attested the fact that her search for some desired, or expected personage had been successful. The half emptied cup of tea, and only broken piece of toast lying on her plate, showed plainly enough that either indisposition, or mental disturbance, had deprived her of all appetite.

From the tea table they went to one of the parlors. Only a few gentlemen and ladies were there, most of the guests preferring a stroll out of doors, or an evening drive.

"Shall we ride? It is early yet, and the full moon will rise as the sun goes down."

"I have ridden enough to-day;" Mrs. Dexter answered. "Fatigue has made me nervous. But don't let that prevent your taking a drive."

"I shall not enjoy it unless you are with me," said Mr. Dexter.

"Then I will go." Mrs. Dexter did not speak fretfully, nor in the martyr tone we often hear, but in a voice of unexpected cheerfulness. "Order the carriage," she added, as she rose. "I will get my bonnet and shawl, and join you here by the time it is at the door."

"No—no, Jessie! Not if you are so fatigued. I had forgotten our journey to-day," interposed Mr. Dexter.

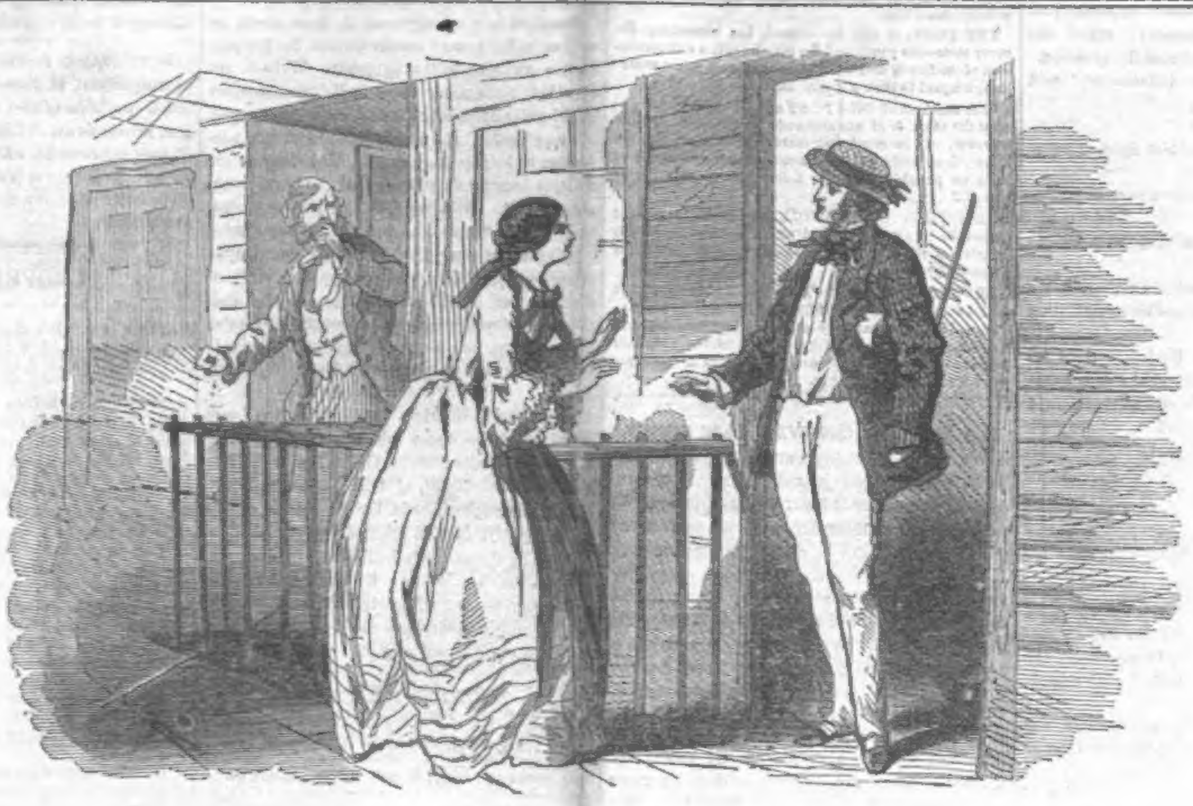
"A ride in the bracing salt air will do me good, perhaps. I am, at least, disposed to make the trial. So order the carriage, and I will be with you in a moment."

Mrs. Dexter spoke with a suddenly outflashing animation, and then left her husband to make preparations for accompanying him in the drive. She had passed through the parlor door on to one of the long porticos of the building, and was moving rapidly, when, just before reaching the end, where another door communicated with a stairway, she suddenly stood still, face to face with a man who had stepped from that door out upon the portico.

"Jessie—Mrs. Dexter!" The man checked the unguarded utterance of her familiar Christian name, and gave the other designation.

"Mr. Hendrickson!"

Only for an instant did Mrs. Dexter betray herself; but in that instant her heart was read, as if a blaze of lightning had flashed over one of its pages long hidden away in darkness, and revealed the writing thereon in letters of gleaming fire.



THE MEETING IN THE PORTICO.

"You arrived to-day?" Mr. Hendrickson also regained the even balance of mind which had momentarily been lost, and regained it as quickly as the lady. He spoke with the pleased air of an acquaintance—nothing more.

"This afternoon," replied Mrs. Dexter in a quiet tone, and with a smile in which no casual observer could have seen anything deeper than pleasant recognition.

"How long will you remain?"

"It is not certain; perhaps until the season closes."

Mrs. Dexter made a motion to pass on. Mr. Hendrickson raised his hat and bowed very respectfully; and thus the sudden interview ended.

Mr. Dexter had followed his wife to the door of the parlor, and stood looking at her as she retired along the portico. This meeting with Hendrickson was, therefore, in full view. A sudden paleness overspread his countenance; and from his convulsed lips there fell a bitter imprecation.

On reaching her apartments, Mrs. Dexter was so weak that she was forced to sit down upon the first chair she could obtain. A dead pallor was in her face.

"Oh, give me strength—self control—motives to duty!"—in weakness and fear her quivering heart cried upwards.

"Jessie!" How long she had been sitting thus Mrs. Dexter knew not. She started. It was the voice of her husband.

"Not ready yet I see!" His tones were rough—his manner excited. "And the carriage has stood at the door for ten minutes."

"I am ready!" she answered, starting up, and lifting her bonnet from the bed.

"It's no matter now. The sun is setting, and I have ordered the carriage back to the stable. You only consented to go on my account; and I am impatient under mere acquiescence."

"You wrong me, Mr. Dexter," said his wife, with unusual earnestness of manner. "I am ready to go with you at all times; and I strive in all things to give you pleasure. Did I hesitate a moment when you suddenly declared your wish to leave Saratoga for Newport?"

"No, of course you did not; for you were too glad of the opportunity to get here." There was a strange gleam in the eyes of Mr. Dexter as he said this; and his voice had in it an angry bitterness never before observed.

"What do you mean, sir!" demanded the outraged wife, turning upon her husband abruptly, and showing an aspect so stern and fierce, that the astonished man retreated a pace or two as if in fear. Never before had he seen in that beautiful face the reflection of a spirit so wildly disturbed by passion.

"Speak out, Leon Dexter! What do you mean?"

And her eyes rested on his with a glance as steady as an eagle's.

"I saw your meeting a little while ago."

Mr. Dexter rallied a little.

"What meeting?" There was no betraying sign in Mrs. Dexter's face, nor the least faltering in her tones.

"Your meeting with *him*."

"With whom? Speak out plainly, sir! I am in no mood for trifling, and in no condition for solving riddles."

"With Paul Hendrickson," Dexter pronounced the name slowly, and with all the meaning emphasis he could throw into his voice.

"Well, sir, what of that?" Still neither eye nor voice faltered.

"Mush! You see that I understand you!"

"I see that you do not understand me," was firmly answered. "And now, sir, will you suffer me to demand an explanation of your language just now. I want no evasion—no faltering—no holding back. 'Too glad of an opportunity to get here!' That was the sentence. Its meaning, sir?"

The small head of Mrs. Dexter was erect; her nostrils distended; her lips closely laid upon each other; her eyes full, fixed, and almost fiery in their intense light. Suddenly she was transformed in the eyes of her husband from a yielding, gentle, though cold woman into the very spirit of accusation and defiance. He was silent; for he saw that he had gone too far.

"That must be explained, sir!" She was not to be turned aside. "I have noted your capricious conduct; your singular glances at times; your strange moodiness without apparent cause. A little light has given a faint impression of their meaning. But I must have the full blaze of your thoughts. Nothing else will satisfy me now."

She paused. Mr. Dexter had indeed gone a step too far, a fact of which he was painfully aware. He had conjured up a spirit that it might not be easy to lay.

"You are too excited. Calm yourself," he said.

Turning from her husband, Mrs. Dexter crossed the room, and seating herself upon a sofa, said, in a quiet way—

"Sit down beside me, Mr. Dexter. I am calm. Sit down and speak; for your recent language must be explained. Evasion will be fruitless—I will not accept of it."

"I spoke hastily. Forget my words."

Mr. Dexter sat down beside his wife, and spoke in a gentle, soothing manner.

"It is all in vain, Mr. Dexter! All in vain! Yours were no idle words; and I can never forget them. You have greatly misapprehended your wife, I see; and the quicker you know this, the better it will be for both of us. The time has come for explanation—and it shall be made! Why did I wish to come to Newport?"

"You knew that Paul Hendrickson was here," said Mr. Dexter. "That was the reason!"

"It is false, sir!" was the quick and sharp rejoinder.

"Jessie! beware how you speak!" The angry blood mounted to the very brow of the husband.

"It is false, sir!" she repeated, even more emphatically, if that were possible. "Of his movements I am as ignorant as you are!"

"I cannot tamely bear such words," said Mr. Dexter, still much excited.

"And *I will not* bear such imputations," was firmly rejoined.

Mr. Dexter arose, and commenced the unsatisfactory movement of pacing the floor. Mrs. Dexter remained sitting firmly erect, her eyes following the form of her husband.

"We will drop the subject now and forever," said the former, stopping, at length, in front of his wife.

Mrs. Dexter did not reply.

"I may have been too hasty."

"*May* have been!" There was contempt on the lip, and indignation in the voice of Mrs. Dexter.

"Yes, *may*. We are certain of nothing in this world," said her husband, coldly. "And now, as I said, we will drop the subject."

"It is easier to say than to unsay, Mr. Dexter. The sentiment is very trite, but it involves a world of meaning sometimes, and—" she paused, then added, with marked emphasis—"*does now!*"

Mr. Dexter made no response, and there the matter ended for the time; each of the ill-assorted partners further from happiness than they had yet been since the day of their unfortunate union.

CHAPTER XIV.

An hour later: Scene, the public parlor.

"Mrs. Dexter."

The lady rose, a pleasant smile animating her face, and returned the gentleman's courteous greeting.

"Mr. Hendrickson." Yes, that was the name on her lips.

"You arrived to-day," he said, as he took a place at the other end of the *tête-a-tête*.

"Yes."

"From Saratoga, I believe?"

"Yes. How long have you been at Newport?"

"I arrived only this morning. You are looking very well, Mrs. Dexter."

"Am I?"

"Yes. Time lays his hands upon you lightly!"

The shadow of another's presence came between them.

"Mr. Dexter, my husband: Mr. Hendrickson, from B——," said Mrs. Dexter, with the most perfect ease of manner, presenting the two gentlemen. They had met before, as the reader knows, and had good reasons for remembering each other. They touched hands, Dexter frowning, and Hendrickson slightly embarrassed. Mrs. Dexter was entirely herself. Smiling, talkative, and with an exterior as unruffled as a mountain lake.

"How long will you remain?" she asked, speaking to Mr. Hendrickson.

"Several days."

"Ah! I am pleased to hear you say so. I left some very pleasant friends at Saratoga, but yours is the only familiar face I have yet seen here."

"I saw Mr. and Mrs. Florence just now," said Mr. Dexter.

"Did you?"

"Yes. There they are, at the lower end of the parlor. Do you see them?"

Mrs. Dexter turned her eyes in the direction indicated by her husband, and replied in an indifferent manner.

"Oh, yes."

"Mrs. Florence is looking at you now. Won't you go over and see her."

"After a while," replied Mrs. Dexter. Then turning to Mr. Hendrickson, she said,

"These summer resorts are the dullest places imaginable without congenial friends."

"So I should think. But you can scarcely know the absence of these. I heard of you at Saratoga, as forming the centre of one of the most agreeable and intelligent circles there."

"Ah!" Mrs. Dexter was betrayed into something like surprise.

"Yes. I saw Miss Arden in New York, as I came through. She had been to Saratoga."

"Miss Arden? I don't remember her," said Mrs. Dexter.

"She resides in B——."

"Miss Arden? Miss Arden?" Mrs. Dexter seemed curious. "What is her appearance?"

"Tall, with a very graceful figure. Complexion dark enough to make her pass for a brunette. Large black eyes and raven hair."

"In company with her mother?" said Mrs. Dexter.

"Yes."

"I remember her now. She was quite the belle at Saratoga. But I was not so fortunate as to make her acquaintance. She sings wonderfully. Few professional artists are so gifted."

"You have used the right word," said Mr. Hendrickson. "Her musical powers are wonderful. I wish you knew her—she is a charming girl."

"You must help me to that knowledge on our return to B——."

"Nothing would give me more pleasure. I am sure you will like each other," said Hendrickson, warmly.

From that point in the conversation Mrs. Dexter began to lose her self-possession, and free, out-spoken manner. The subject was changed, but the airiness of tone and lightness of speech were gone. Just in time, Mrs. Florence came across the room, joining the circle, and saving her from a betrayal of feelings that she would not, on any account, have manifested.

Mrs. Florence was a woman of taste. She had been in New York a few days previously, whither she had gone to hear a celebrated European singer, whose fame had preceded her.—Her allusion to this fact led to an introduction of the subject of music. Hendrickson made some remarks that arrested her attention, when quite an animated conversation sprung up between them. Mrs. Dexter did not join in it; but sat a closely observant listener. The young man's criticisms on the art of music surprised her. They were so new, so analytical, and so comprehensive. He had evidently studied the subject, not as an artist, but as a philosopher—but with so clear a comprehension of the art, that from the mere science, he was able to lead the mind upward into the fullest appreciation of the grand ideal.

Now and then as he talked, Mr. Dexter passed in a brief sentence; but to the keen, intelligent perception of his wife, what mere sounding words were his empty common-places! The contrast between him and Hendrickson was painful. It was in vain that she tried not to make this contrast. It thrust itself upon her, in spite of all resistance.

Mr. Florence had crossed the room with his wife, and joined the little circle. He did not take part in the conversation, and now said, rising as he spoke,

"Come, Dexter; let you and I have a game of billiards."

He laid his hand familiarly on the arm of Mr. Dexter, and that individual could not refuse to accept the invitation. They left the room together. This withdrawal of Mr. Dexter put both his wife and Mr. Hendrickson more at their ease. Both felt his absence as a relief. For a time the conversation was chiefly conducted by the latter and Mrs. Florence, only an occasional remark falling from the lips of Mrs. Dexter, and that almost extorted by question or reference. But gradually she was drawn in, and led on, until she was the talker and they the listeners.

When interested in conversation, a fine enthusiasm always gave to the manners of Mrs. Dexter a charming grace, and to her beautiful countenance a higher beauty. She was almost fascinating. Never had Hendrickson felt her power as he felt it now, while looking into her animated face, and listening to sentiment, description, criticism or anecdote, flowing from her lips in eloquent language, and evincing a degree of taste, discrimination, refinement and observation he could scarcely have imagined in one of her age.

He was leaning towards her, and listening with rapt interest, his countenance and eyes full of admiration, when a quick, impatient ahem caused him to look up. As he did so, he encountered the severe face and piercing eyes of Mr. Dexter. The sudden change in the expression of his countenance warned Mrs. Dexter of the presence of her husband, who had approached quietly, and was standing a pace or two behind his wife. But not the slightest consciousness of this presence did her manner exhibit. She kept on talking as before, and talking to Mr. Hendrickson.

"Will you go with me now, Mrs. Dexter?" said her husband, coming forward, and making a motion as if about to offer his arm.

"Not yet, if you please, Mr. Dexter," was seemingly answered. "I am too much interested in this good company. Come, sit down here," and she made room for him on the sofa.

But he stood still.

"Then amuse yourself a little longer," said his wife, in a gay voice. "I will be ready to go with you after a while."

Mr. Dexter moved away, disappointed, and commenced pacing the floor of the long parlor. At every turn his keen eyes took in the aspect of the little group, and particularly the meaning of his wife's face, as it turned to Mr. Hendrickson, either in the play of expression, or warm with the listener's interest. The sight half-maddened him. Three times, in the next half-hour, he said to his wife, as he paused in his restless promenade before her,

"Come, Jessie."

But she only threw him a smiling negative, and became still more interesting to her friends. At last, and of her own will, she arose, and bowing, with a face all smiles and eyes dancing in light, to Mr. Hendrickson and Mrs. Florence, she stepped forward, and placing her hand on the arm of her husband, went like a sunbeam from the room.

CHAPTER XV.

"Madam!"

They had reached their own apartments, and Mrs. Dexter was moving forward past her husband. The stern, imperative utterance caused her to pause and turn round.

"We leave for home in the morning!" said Mr. Dexter.

"*We?*" His wife looked at him fixedly as she made the simple interrogation.

"Yes, *we!*" was answered, and in the voice of one who had made up his mind, and did not mean to be thwarted in his purpose.

"Mr. Dexter!" his wife stood very erect before him; her eyes did not quail beneath his angry glances; nor was there any sign of weakness in her low, even tones. "Let me warn you now—and regard the warning as for all time—against any attempt to coerce me into obedience to your arbitrary exactions. Your conduct to-night was simply disgraceful—humiliating to yourself, and mortifying and unjust to your wife. Let us have no more of this. There is a high wall between us, Mr. Dexter—high as heaven and deep as ——." Her feelings were getting the rein, and she checked herself. "Your own hands have builded it," she resumed, in a colder tone, "but your own hands, I fear, have not the strength to pull it down. Love you, I never did, and you knew it from the beginning; love you I never can. That is a simple impossibility. But true to you as steel to the magnet in all the externals of my life, I have been and shall continue to be, even to the end of this unhappy union. As a virtuous woman, I could be nothing less. The outrage I have suffered this day from your hands, is irreparable. I never imagined it would come to this. I did not dream that it was in you to charge upon your wife the meditation of a crime the deepest it is possible for a woman to commit. That you were weakly jealous, I saw; and I came here in cheerful acquiescence to your whim, in order to help you to get right. But this very act of cheerful acquiescence was made the ground of a charge that shocked my being to the inmost, and changed me toward you irrevocably."

The stern, angry aspect of Mr. Dexter was all gone. It seemed as if emotion had suddenly exhausted itself.

"We had better go home to-morrow." He spoke in a subdued voice. "Neither of us can find enjoyment here."

"I shall not be ready to-morrow, nor the next day either," was the out-spoken reply. "To go thus hurriedly, after your humiliating exhibition of distrust, would only be to give free rein to the tongue of scandal; and that I wish to avoid."

"It has free rein already," said Mr. Dexter. "At Saratoga I heard your name lightly spoken, and brought you away for that very reason. You are not chary enough of yourself in these public places. I know men better than you do."

"If a light word was spoken of me, sir, at Saratoga or any where else, you alone are to blame. My conduct has warranted no such freedom of speech. But I can easily imagine how men will think lightly of a woman when her husband shows watchfulness and suspicion. It half maddens me, sir, to have this disgrace put upon me. To-morrow week I will go home, if you then desire it. Not a day earlier! And I warn you against any more such exhibitions as we have had to-night. If you cannot take pleasure in society that is congenial to my taste, leave me to my enjoyment; but don't mar it with your cloudy presence. And set this down as a truism—the wife that must be watched, is not worth having."

For utterances like these, Mr. Dexter was not prepared. They stunned and weakened him. He felt that he had a spirit to deal with that might easily be driven to desperation. A man, if resolute, he had believed might control the actions of almost any woman—that woman being his wife. And he had never doubted the result of marital authority, should he at any time deem it necessary to lay upon Mrs. Dexter an iron hand. The occasion, as he believed, had arrived; the hand was put forth; the will was resolute; but his vice-like grip closed upon the empty air! The spirit with which he had to deal was of subtler essence and more vigorous life than he had imagined.

How suddenly were Mrs. Dexter's wifely, unselfish and self-denying purposes in regard to her husband scattered upon the winds! She had come to Newport, resolved to be all to him that it was possible for her to be—even to the withdrawing of herself more from social circles in which attractive men formed a part. The admonitions of Mrs. De Lisle sunk deeply into her heart. She saw her relation to her husband in a new aspect. He had larger claims upon her than she had admitted heretofore. If she had been partly coerced into the [illegible] had been deceived by her promises at the altar into expecting more than it was in her power to give. She owed him not only a wife's allegiance, but a wife's tender consideration.

Alas! how suddenly had all these good purposes been withered up, like tender flowers in the biting frost! And now there was strife between them—bitterness, anger, scorn, alienation. The uneasiness which her husband had manifested for some months previously, whenever she was in free, animated conversation with gentlemen, annoyed her slightly; but she had never regarded it as a very serious affection on his part, and, conscious of her own purity, believed that he would ere long see the evidence thereof, and cease to give himself useless trouble. His conduct at Saratoga, followed by the conversations with Mrs. De Lisle and Mrs. Anthony, aroused her to a truer sense of his actual state of mind. His singular, stealthy scanning of her countenance, immediately after their arrival at Newport, following, as she rightly concluded, his unexpected meeting with Hendrickson, considerably disturbed the balance of mind she had sought to gain, and this dimmed her clear perceptions of duty. His direct reference to Mr. Hendrickson, after her hurried meeting with him, filled her with indignation, and simply prepared the way for this last defiant position. She felt deeply outraged, and wholly estranged.

Icy reserve and distant formality marked the intercourse of Mr. and Mrs. Dexter from that time. It was all in vain that he sought to win back that semblance of affection which he had lost. Mrs. Dexter was too sincere a woman—too earnest and true—for broad disguises. She could be courteous, regardful, attentive to all the needs of her husband; but she could not pretend to love, when daily her heart experienced new occasions of dislike.

On the next morning, Mrs. Dexter, on going into one of the parlors, met Mr. Hendrickson. From his manner, it was evident that he had been waiting there in hopes to gain an interview. Mrs. Dexter felt displeased. She was a lawful wife, and it struck her as an implication on his part of possible dishonor on hers. He came forward to meet her as she entered the room, with a pleased smile on his face, but she gave his warm greeting but a cold return. An instant change in his manner, showed the effect upon his feelings.

"I shall leave to-day," he said.

"So soon? I thought you purposed remaining for several days."

"So I did. But I have a letter this morning from the brother of Miss Arden, of whom I spoke last evening. He leaves her at Albany to-day, and asks me to join her to-morrow. They were on their way to Niagara; but unexpected business—he is a lawyer—requires him to return home; and I am to be the young lady's escort. So they have arranged the matter, and I cannot decline, of course."

"Why should you?" Mrs. Dexter schooled her voice. Its natural expression, at that time, might have betrayed a state of feeling that it would have been treason to exhibit.

"True. Why should I? The lady is charming. I was going to say that she has not her peer."

"Why not say it?" remarked Mrs. Dexter.

"Because," replied Mr. Hendrickson, as his eyes withdrew themselves from the face of Mrs. Dexter, "I do not believe it. She has her peer."

"She must be a lovely woman so to captivate your fancy," said Mrs. Dexter.

"Did I say that she had captivated my fancy?" asked Hendrickson.

"If not in so many formally spoken words, yet in a language that we ladies can read at a glance," replied Mrs. Dexter, affecting a gay smile. "Well," she added, "as you are to be so largely the gainer by this sudden withdrawal from Newport, we quiet people, who cannot but miss your pleasant company, have nothing left but acquiescence. I hope to make Miss Arden's acquaintance on our return to B——."

The voice of Mrs. Dexter had a faint huskiness, and there were signs of depression which she was not able to conceal. These the watchful eyes of Mr. Hendrickson detected. But so far from taking any advantage thereof, he made an effort to divert both her mind and his own by the introduction of a more indifferent subject. They conversed for half an hour longer, but no further reference was made to Miss Arden. Then Mr. Hendrickson excused himself. Mrs. Dexter did not see him again. He left for Boston soon after, on his way to join Miss Arden at Albany.

From the parlor Mrs. Dexter returned to her own rooms, and did not leave them during the day. She had felt feverish on rising, and was conscious of a pressure on the brain, accompanied by a feeling of lassitude that was unusual. This condition of the system increased, as the day wore on. At dinner time, her husband urged her to go with him to the table; but she had a loathing for food, and declined. He ordered a servant to take tea, with toast and some delicacies, to her room; but when he came up again, he found them untasted.

"Was this a disease of mind or body?" Mr. Dexter asked himself the question, and studied over the solution. Notwithstanding the disturbed interview with his wife on the previous evening, he had kept his eyes on her, and noticed her meeting with Hendrickson in the parlor. Her warning, however, had proved effectual in preventing his intrusion upon them. He saw Hendrickson leave her, and noticed that she sat in deep abstraction for some time afterwards, and that when she arose, and went up to her own apartments, her face wore an expression that was unusual. Much to his surprise, he saw Hendrickson leave soon after for Boston. On examining the register, he learned that his destination was Albany.

A momentary relief was experienced at this departure; but soon mystery was suggested, and a mutual understanding between his wife and Hendrickson imagined. And so fuel was heaped on the fires of jealousy, which blazed up again as fiercely as ever. The seclusion of herself in her own room by Mrs. Dexter, following as it did immediately on the departure of Hendrickson, confirmed him in the impression that she was deeply interested in her old lover. How else could he interpret her conduct? If she were really sick, conflict of feeling, occasioned by his presence, was the cause. That to his mind was clear. And he was not so far wrong; for, in part, here lay the origin of her disturbed condition of mind and body. Still, his conclusions went far beyond the truth.

Mrs. Dexter was lying on the bed when her husband came up from dinner. She did not stir on his entrance. Her face was turned away, and partly hidden by the fringe of a pillow.

"You must eat something," he said, speaking kindly. But she neither moved nor replied.

"Jessie." No motion nor response.

"Jessie!" Mr. Dexter stood a few feet from the bed, looking at her.

"She may be sleeping," he thought, and stepping forward, he bent down and laid his fingers lightly on her cheek. It was unnaturally hot.

"Jessie"—he uttered her name again—"are you asleep?"

"No." She replied in a feeble murmur.

"Won't you have a cup of tea?"

"No."

"Are you sick?"

She did not answer. He laid his hand upon her cheek again.

"You have fever."

A low sigh was the only response.

"Does your head ache?"

Something was said in reply, but the ear of Mr. Dexter could not make out the words.

"Jessie! Jessie! Why don't you answer me? Are you sick?"

Mr. Dexter spoke with rising impatience. Still and silent as an effigy she remained. For a moment or two he strode about the room, and then went out abruptly. He came back in half an hour. There lay his wife as he had left her, and without the appearance of having stirred. A shadow of deeper concern now fell upon his spirits. Bending over the bed, and laying his hand upon her face again, he perceived that it was not only flushed, but hotter than before. He spoke, but her ears seemed shut to his voice.

"Jessie! Jessie!" He moved her gently, turning her face towards him. Her eyes were closed, her lips shut firmly, and wearing an expression of pain, her forehead slightly contracted.

"Shall I call a physician?" he asked.

But she did not reply. Sudden alarm awakened in the heart of Mr. Dexter. Going to the bell, he rung it violently. To the servant who came he said, hurriedly—

"Go and find Dr. G——, and tell him that I wish to see him immediately."

The servant departed, and Dexter went back to the bed. No change had occurred in his wife. She still lay, to all appearance, in a stupor. It was nearly a quarter of an hour before Dr. G—— came; the waiter had been at some trouble to find him.

"My wife seems quite ill," said Mr. Dexter, as he entered, "and, I think, requires medical attention."

Doctor G—— went to the bedside and stood looking at the flushed face of Mrs. Dexter for some moments. Then he laid his hand against her cheek, and then took hold of her wrist. Mr. Dexter, whose eyes were on him, thought he saw him start and change countenance at the first stroke of the pulse that played against his fingers.

"How long has she been in this condition?" asked the Doctor, turning with a serious aspect to Mr. Dexter.

"She has not seemed well since morning," was replied. "I noticed that she scarcely tasted food at breakfast, and she has kept her room for most of the day, lying down for a greater part of the time. I left her on the bed when I went to dinner. She did not complain of indisposition, but seemed listless and out of spirits. I ordered tea sent up, but, as you perceive, it has not been tasted. On my return, I found her in the condition in which she now lies—apparently in a heavy sleep.

The physician did not seem to get any light from this statement. He turned his eyes again upon the face of Mrs. Dexter, and stood in deep thought for almost a minute. Then he examined her pulse again. It had a strong, rapid, wiry beat. Stooping, he looked very closely at the condition of her skin; then shook his head, and said something in an under tone.

"Do you think her seriously ill?" inquired Mr. Dexter.

"Has there been any unusual exposure: or any strong mental disturbance?" asked the doctor, not seeming to have heard the question.

"There has been mental disturbance," said Mr. Dexter.

"Of a violent character?"

"She was strongly agitated last night, at something that happened."

"Was it of a nature to leave a permanent impression on her feelings?"

"Yes." The answers were made with evident reluctance.

"Her condition is an unusual one," said the doctor, musing; and he resumed his examination of the case.

"Doctor R——, from Boston, arrived today," he looked up, and presented a very grave face to the now seriously alarmed husband. "I think he had better be consulted."

"Oh, by all means," said Mr. Dexter. "Shall I go in search of him?"

"Do you know his person?"

"I do not."

"I will go then. It may save time, and that is important."

The doctor went out hurriedly, and in less than five minutes returned with Doctor R——. The two physicians conferred for some time, speaking in under tones. Mr. Dexter heard the words "congestion of the brain" and "brain fever," with increasing alarm.

"Well, doctors, how do you decide the case?" he inquired anxiously, as their conference terminated.

"There is a strong tendency to congestion of the brain," was replied by Doctor G——, "but, it is our opinion that we can check this tendency. Your wife, Mr. Dexter, is seriously ill. An experienced nurse must be had without delay. And every possible attention given, so as to second at all points the treatment under which she will be placed. A favorable result will doubtless crown our efforts. I present the case as a serious one, because it is so in its requirement of skill and unfailing attention."

The doctors did not err in their estimate of the case. The illness of Mrs. Dexter proved to be very serious. It was a brain fever. Four weeks elapsed before she was able to be removed from Newport to her home, and then she was so feeble in body and mind as to present but the shadowy semblance of her former self.

Very slowly did health flow back through her exhausted system. But a cheerful spirit did not come with returning vigor. Her spirit had bowed itself toward the earth; and power to rise again into the bracing atmosphere and warm sunshine, was not restored for a long period.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What makes man wretched? Happiness denied?
Lorenzo! no: 'tis happiness disdain'd.
She comes too meanly dress'd to win our smile:
And calls herself Content, a homely name!
Our fame is transport, and content our scorn.
Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
And weds a toil, a tempest, in her stead.

—*Young.*

☞ The mode of measuring live elephants is to calculate that twice the circumference of the print of the fore-foot is equal to the height of the beast. In some parts of Africa they attain the enormous height of twelve feet. The ear of the African elephant is nearly three times the size of his Asiatic brother.—*Dr. Livingstone.*

☞ A true picture of despair, is a pig reaching through a hole in the fence to get a cabbage that is only a few inches beyond his reach.

☞ A lady who recently became a widow notified all the tenants of her houses that after the first of April, in accordance with the dying wishes of her late husband, she should raise all their rents ten per cent.

☞ The nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blenches, the thought which never wanders—these are the masters of victory.

☞ A SIMPLE REASON.—The fastest ship ever built is the *Leviathan!* And why? Because, inasmuch as they cannot move her, she must necessarily be the *fastest.*—*Punch.*

☞ If we wish to know the political and moral condition of a State, we must ask what rank women hold in it. Their influence embraces the whole of life. A wife, a mother—two magical words—comprising the sweetest sources of man's felicity. Theirs is the reign of beauty, of love, of reason. Always to reign! A man takes counsel with his wife; he obeys his mother—he obeys her long after she has ceased to live, and the ideas which he has received from her become principles even stronger than his passions.—*Martin.*

☞ At the late Northwestern Sabbath School Convention, Chicago, an anecdote was told of an eminent minister, who having used the word "summary" in an address to Sunday School children, corrected himself thus. "I fear, children, I have employed a term you will not readily comprehend. I allude to the term "summary." Children, it is synonymous with "synopsis."

☞ Custom is a violent and treacherous schoolmistress. She, by little and little, slyly and unperceived, slips in the foot of her authority; but having, by this gentle and humble beginning, with the benefit of time, fixed and established it, she then unmasks a furious, tyrannic countenance, against which we have no more the courage or the power so much as to lift up our eyes.

☞ When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, He gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood.—*Algernon Sydney.*

☞ A STRONG SYMPTOM.—"Is Miss Blinkins at home?" asked Mr. Sanders of the Irish girl who answered his ring at the door. "Yes, I b'lave she is, sir." "Is she engaged?" "An' it's engaged you say? Faix, an' I can't tell you, sir, but she kissed Mr. Vincent last evening as if she had never seen the like uv him, an' it's engaged I b'lave they are, sir."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

MACAULAY ON WILLIAM PENN.

We call attention to an article we publish this week from a London journal, relative to Macaulay's slander of the founder of Pennsylvania. It will be seen that Macaulay, in the new and revised edition of his History (his story), perseveres in his slander of Penn, and endeavors to justify himself in a note for so doing. Every candid reader, we think, will admit that he utterly fails in his effort. At the best, he merely shows a *possibility* that the "Penne" who acted for the maids of honor in the affair of the Taunton girls, was not George Penne, the pardon-broker, who it is proved was at Taunton at the time, but William Penn, the high-minded and benevolent Quaker. But where he has established a mere *possibility*, Mr. Dixon has established (to say the least) a strong *probability*. How utterly unfair and slanderous then is it in Macaulay, to persevere in a charge which the weight of evidence discredits, against a man whose general reputation is certainly of the very highest and noblest character.

Mr. Macaulay's father, it is said, was "disowned" by the Society of Friends. Is it possible that this attempt to blacken the fame of one who was a prominent member of that society, originated in a motive of small revenge! The man who could be actuated by such a feeling, has no business with the pen of history.

Mr. Macaulay's plea in this matter, is by no means consistent with itself—as may be seen by the following epitome of it. He first denominates the transaction a "scandalous" one. He then says that as it was one which "ladies of rank and fashion" were interested in, it was not likely that it would be entrusted to the management of any but "a gentleman of the highest consideration." He then implies that Sir Francis Warre, who was first applied to, shrank from the offer as a personal indignity. And then confidently states (on no other authority than a letter addressed to a "Mr. Penne") that William Penn, a man conceded on all sides to be of the strict views of what was noble and right, had stooped to a business that Sir Francis Warre had shrunk from. Thus we find Mr. Macaulay inclined to blow hot or cold as to the character of the transaction, and the kind of man likely to be entrusted with its management, as it suits his purposes.

But, as the *Athenæum* says, there are only two opinions upon this subject—one, that of Baron Macaulay, the other that of the public. And good will follow from this attack on Penn—showing that a good man may do as much in his death, as some others in their lives. This calumny of William Penn has shown what amount of faith can properly be pinned to the sleeve of Baron Macaulay. Hereafter, his history will be viewed by considerate men, as a mere possible statement of what really happened—and his portraitures of character be regarded more as the offspring of prejudice and rhetoric, than the truthful and natural lineaments drawn by a pen which would not brighten a virtue or deepen a fault to gain the throne of the world.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN NAPLES.—We give an interesting sketch of the recent earthquake, from the pen of a correspondent of the *London Athenæum*, on another page. The Naples correspondent of the London Times says the prevalent opinion is that about 13,000 persons have perished: though only 3,665 bodies have been recovered. He further says:—

The king himself says that upwards of 15,000 have perished, and, from what I have heard, says my very sensible informant, the real number must be nearly double. People who have come from the spot, report that the groans of the sufferers were heard from beneath the ruins several days after the disaster, and that, horrible to relate, on some bodies being taken out, it was found that they had devoured a portion of their arms. There were none to aid them, none to excavate the dying, none to bury the dead, none to give bread to the famishing. Thousands of soldiers are maintained at the expense of the State to support "order," but they could not be sent to save thousands from perishing.

OMNIBUS HORSES.—Twenty-eight horses recently were sold at auction in this city for $429—or an average of about fifteen dollars apiece. As the auctioneer had announced that he would take no bid of less than five dollars, he often had to put up two horses at a time to get a first bid of that amount. Two were "knocked down" for *six* dollars. Four were put up together, and brought *three* dollars apiece. One sold at private sale afterwards for two dollars-and-a-half. These horses were the property of the new City Railroad—the Legislature having enacted, in its wisdom, that the Railroad should take the horses and omnibuses of the Fifth and Sixth street lines which it displaced. As the omnibus horses of this city are generally stout, able-bodied animals, it puzzles us where the lot above referred to could have come from.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was announced to lecture in this city on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of this week. Those who most decidedly dissent from his peculiar philosophical views, are always glad to hear a speaker who leaves us richer than he finds us, by the large, clear thoughts, jewel-pure, and brilliant as Eastern gems, which he drops into the mind.

TAXATION AND WOMAN'S RIGHTS

A portion of the property of "Lucy Stone," in her residence at Orange, N. J., was recently seized upon and sold to pay her taxes. Mrs. Stone—or Mrs. Blackwell, as the world would call her—is one of the advocates of what is termed "Woman's Rights," and, as she cannot vote, will not pay taxes—on the ground that representation always should accompany taxation.

Mrs. Blackwell forgets that voting and representation are not entirely synonymous terms. She forgets also, probably, that the property of a male may be taxed, and he have no right of voting either, as well as of a female. In cases where the male holder of property is a minor, or an unnaturalized foreigner, or even a citizen of another State, he can have no vote—and yet he has to pay taxes.

Taxation is in recompense, in these cases, as well as in the case of female owners, for the protection awarded to the property. Were it not for that protection, some half-dozen rowdies might enter Mrs. Blackwell's house, summarily eject herself and husband, and maintain possession as long as they chose. That they do not do it, is because they know that the State would not allow it. It is for this and similar protection—not a theoretical protection only, but a very practical one—that taxes are levied upon all property, whether the owner is a voter or not. In fact, in this country, the doctrine that the right of voting is based upon the possession of property, is generally denied—thousands voting who have no accumulated property whatever.

The amount of Mrs. Blackwell's taxes was about $10—to raise which a marble table and two portraits (one of Gerrit Smith and the other of Gov. Chase, of Ohio) were sold. In putting the authorities to the trouble of selling her property, Mrs. Blackwell, in our opinion, was acting the part of a bad citizen. If she had any religious scruples as to the rightfulness of paying taxes—as the Society of Friends have to paying militia fines—we should view her conduct in a more favorable light.

VICIOUS READING.

Mr. S. A. C., of Concord, Indiana, in sending on his yearly subscription for THE POST, says:

If times are hard, it will never do for us to *desert our "Post."* As a family paper I think the "POST" has few equals. I am particularly glad to see your declaration to avoid the publication of minute and detailed reports of all those disgusting and filthy criminal cases with which the columns of too many popular papers are unfortunately crowded. Such reports, while they can in no way contribute to the advantage of any one, do most assuredly exercise an evil influence on the mind of youth. The mind, like the body, grows upon what it is fed; and if fed upon impure or unwholesome food we cannot reasonably expect that it will remain untainted. How many of the most popular and widely circulated journals are weekly distributing among their thousands of readers this corrupting literature—this moral poison! Alas! I am fearful a large majority of Mankind, particularly the youthful portion of it, is imitative in its character. What more likely than that by the avenues thus opened to guide and instruct them in the highways of crime, many are annually sinking down into earthly misery and moral degradation, who would otherwise become an honor to their country, and a blessing to the human race! It is certainly to be deplored that all newspapers do not follow the example of the *Post* in this particular.

SCARCITY OF MONEY IN THE WEST.—A letter recently received from a lady subscriber in Wisconsin, says:—

"herewith enclose you one dollar, for which please send me THE POST for six months, commencing with the first January number. I hope to be able to get up a club by the 1st of July—that is, if times should be any better. At present it is nearly impossible to get a dollar in cash for any consideration. For instance—we own 100 acres of as good land and under as good cultivation as any in this county, with good buildings, good water and wood, 30 sheep, 13 head of cattle, 3 horses—together with pigs, and poultry, and farming utensils. And yet we cannot sell anything for cash. We have wheat, hay, and oats to sell, but no cash offered unless sold in very small quantities, at very low rates. My husband has given me half the money he has, to send for your paper; for I had rather go with a shilling calico dress than be without the Post.

We print the above for the simple and forcible illustration it affords of the plenty of everything but money, in many portions of the West. Before long, however, we think, money will begin to find its way into the hands of the farmers, in exchange for their abundant produce. Such a want of money as our correspondent describes, would seem to be more the result of a temporary stagnation in the business of the country, than of anything else.

A FUNNY QUESTION.—A correspondent at Rahway, N. J., says:—

As I read most everything contained in your valuable paper, I am almost sure to read first the interesting letters of "*Quantum*," written from Paris, but I have asked myself the question, (and been asked it by others) how you manage to get a letter from "Paris" to publish in your paper every week? Will you answer the above, and oblige a

READER OF THE EVENING POST!

Answer it? of course—but nevertheless it seems to us a very simple matter to puzzle any one. There is a lady in Paris—an intelligent one, as our readers may judge—with whom we have made an engagement, by virtue of which she writes us letters weekly, and we pay her a certain sum of money for so doing. The letters are mailed to us by way of England, a steamship from which country arrives weekly. That is the way it is done—though we are not able to perceive where the marvellous part of the affair (as implied by our correspondent "and others") comes in. It seems to us a very simple operation all through.

THE GULF STREAM.—Sea captains allege, so it is said, that the Gulf Stream is running forty or fifty miles nearer the coast this winter than ever before. This might explain the mild weather in the United States—but it would not explain the same genial state of the atmosphere in England. In France however, our Paris correspondent says, the cold has been quite severe.

THE AMIN BEY STORY.—It is denied that there was any fraud perpetrated in the mission of Amin Bey. The Secretary of State says that the Turkish Government, in 1851, expressed its high gratification at Amin Bey's brilliant reception by the United States.

AMUSING.—Certain "parties" are disputing whether the actress Rachel died in the Jewish or the Roman Catholic faith. As Rachel had several children, but no husband, we should think her religion, to say the least, was "nothing to speak of."

LOCOMOTIVES IN THE CITY.—We regret to see a movement in the Legislature of this State, looking towards the proscription of locomotives in the built-up portions of the city. For our part, we hope to see the time when locomotives—constructed on improved "dummy" principles—shall run on all our city railroads. The temporary inconvenience to which a few of our citizens are now subjected by the running of the locomotives before their doors, is trifling compared to the injury that would be done the great interests of the city by forcing the Railroad Companies to have recourse to horse power. Such roads as the Pennsylvania Central, the Reading, the Philadelphia and Baltimore, the North Pennsylvania, and the Germantown and Norristown, should be allowed to run properly constructed locomotives into the very heart of the city if found expedient.

IS IT MANNA?—We are indebted to a lady correspondent at Napa City, California, for a small specimen of the substance resembling sugar, rained down at Clear Lake, in Napa county. It is of a brownish white color, and tastes like sugar. Probably it is something like the manna with which the Jews were miraculously fed in the wilderness.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

SAFETY OF THE ARIEL—ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE LOUIS NAPOLEON—THE LEVIATHAN NEARLY LAUNCHED.

The Canada brings Liverpool dates to the 16th. The Canada left Liverpool at half-past 10 o'clock on Saturday morning. She called off Cork on the morning of Sunday, the 17th ult., and took on board the mails and 66 passengers from the disabled steamship Ariel, and proceeded about noon of the same day on her voyage. The Ariel broke a shaft, and put back.

The steamer Leviathan has been pushed to within half a dozen feet of the extremity of the launching ways. She would remain in that position until the unvailing spring tides were over, when she would be pushed off the ways, and so await the high tides at the end of January.

Reform meetings were being extensively held both in London and the provinces. The Chartists were taking part in them.

Brigadier Inglis had been promoted to the rank of Major General, for his gallant defence of Lucknow.

On the 14th ult., the Bank of England reduced its rate of discount to 5 per cent., being the lowest point touched in fifteen months. It was anticipated that there would be a further reduction in a week or two. The Discount Houses have reduced the rates of allowance, at call, from four and a half to three and one half per cent.

The Joint Stock Banks had reduced the rate for deposit to three per cent. The action of the Bank imparted firmness to the stock market. Choice paper was negotiated at 3½ to 4 per cent.

FRANCE.—A despatch to the London Times, dated the evening of the 14th, says:—"The Emperor was fired at, this evening, at half-past nine o'clock, while entering the Italian Opera House, in Rue Lepellier. Some persons in the streets were wounded. The Emperor showed himself to the people at the doors of the Opera House, and was received with enthusiastic cheering. He remained till the end of the opera. On his return, at midnight, he was hailed by the enthusiastic cheers of the immense multitude, who were waiting in the streets to greet him."

The *Moniteur*, of the 16th, says:—On their Majesties arriving at the Opera, three explosions, coming from hollow projectiles, were heard. A considerable number of persons who were stationed before the theatre, including some soldiers of the escort, were wounded, two of them mortally.

The hat of the Emperor was pierced by a projectile, and General Roguet, aide-de-camp of the Emperor, was slightly wounded in the neck. Two footmen were also wounded. One of the horses attached to the Emperor's carriage was killed, and the carriage was broken by the projectiles.

The latest advices say that sixty persons were wounded and three killed, by the shells which were thrown at the carriage.

The conspirators are Italians, and many arrests have been made.

The Emperor and Empress suffered nothing from the event, and on the following day attended solemn mass, accompanied by the Minister of State.

A letter from Marseilles reports that the American ship Adriatic, which was confiscated by the French Court of Appeals, on account of her collision with the steamer Lyonnais, made her escape from detention at Marseilles, and put to sea on the night of the 8th of January. A French war steamer went in pursuit without effect. It was feared that serious diplomatic complication may arise from this.

It is said that the question of the Danubian Principalities is now so complicated that no day can be fixed for the meeting of the Paris Conference.

The monthly statement of the Bank of France shows a loss of over eleven millions francs, in cash, held in Paris, and a gain of twenty-seven millions in the country branches.

PARIS—*Friday Evening.*—Four Italians, among whom are Counts Orsini and Pierre, have been arrested. Many other arrests have been made. There are five persons dead, and fifty or sixty wounded by the explosion.

PARIS—*Saturday Morning.*—In addition to the foregoing particulars, it is ascertained that five minutes before the attempt, M. Peltre had arrested, close to the Opera, an exile of 1852, who had removed to Paris under a false name. On his person was found a grenade, a revolver, and a poignard. The Police of Paris was forewarned on Thursday, by the Belgian Police, of an intended attempt at assassination. Of the sixty persons who were wounded, eleven are in a dangerous condition. Some of them have been removed to the prison of Mazas. Arrests are multiplying hourly.

PARIS—*Friday.*—The Emperor and Empress drove out, to-day at three o'clock, in an open caleche, without escort, through the streets of Paris. They were enthusiastically received by the people. This morning the Emperor went to the Hospital, and visited eight of the sufferers.

The London Times City Article says, the attempted assassination of the Emperor Napoleon caused flatness in the funds to-day.

INDIA.—The garrison of Futehpore was pressed by the insurgents, and they have abandoned part of their entrenchments, and taken up another and more secure position. A column from Delhi, under Col. Seaton, attacked a body of insurgents at Genowroe, and defeated them, killing 150 of them, and taking three guns.

The Rajah of Aarjhere and Minister had been tried and sentenced to death. The Minister was hanged, but the sentence against the Rajah awaits the confirmation of the Governor of India. Other executions had also taken place.

The Punjaub, Scinde and Bombay were all quiet.

SPAIN.—The Queen, in her speech to the Cortes, in regard to the Mexican quarrel, merely remarks that she has accepted the mediation of France and England, as a proof of the conciliation which animates her, but that, under any circumstances, the honor and reputation of Spain shall be preserved intact.

A dispatch from Madrid, dated Friday, the 15th, reports the acceptance of the resignations of the ministers and the formation of a new Cabinet.

ITALY.—M. Mazzini had published an article of eight columns in the Italia del Popoli, addressed to the "Men of Action," and telling them that to conspire is not a right, but a duty.

The remains of Field Marshal Radetsky were lying in state at Milan. The funeral was to take place on the 14th ult., and would be attended by 25,000 Austrian soldiers.

PRUSSIA.—The Prussian Diet was opened on the 12th. The opening speech was read by Baron Manteuffel. It refers to the illness of the King, and expresses a confident hope of his speedy recovery; rejoices at the approaching matrimonial alliance between Prussia and England; refers to the Danish-Holstein question, and says that Prussia and Austria are resolved, in union with all the governments of federal Germany, to insist on the vindication of German rights and interests; also alludes to the government measures to mitigate the recent panic. The allusion to the Danish question produced loud and unanimous applause.

RUSSIA.—The Nobles of the district of Nigna, Novogorod, following the examples of the nobles of Lithuania and St. Petersburg, had asked the Emperor's permission to enfranchise their serfs, and the Emperor had granted their request.

CHINA.—The Hong Kong correspondent of the London Times, under date of November 28th, says:—Hon. William B. Reed, the American Commissioner, remained on board the frigate Minnesota, carefully avoiding any entangling alliances. He says the Minnesota, from her great size, would prove almost useless for warlike purposes in China. The same letter predicts that the British would have possession of Canton before the end of the year, and that the free and unobstructed intercourse with China would be demanded.

AFRICA.—The British ship of war Sappho has captured a slaver of one thousand tons burthen, on the west coast of Africa. The slaver was run ashore to prevent capture, and after throwing overboard *eight hundred* of the negroes, the crew escaped to the shore in boats. Half of the negroes thrown overboard were drowned. Four hundred more were found on board the slaver, which was subsequently burnt to the water's edge.

MADAGASCAR.—The persecution of the Christians in Madagascar was continued with unabated severity. Thirteen had been put to death, many had been tortured horribly, and numbers were reduced to slavery.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—The Cotton market closed quiet. The sales during the week amounted to 25,000 bales, including 1,400 bales to speculators and 4,000 to exporters. During the week Cotton declined ⅛d., mostly confined to fair and middling qualities. The lower qualities were less affected, owing to their scarcity.

STATE OF THE TRADE.—Manchester advices continued unfavorable, there being but little inquiry, and prices holding weak. New Orleans *tres ordinaires* at Havre quoted at 98f.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—The circulars report the breadstuffs market as generally dull and declining. Flour was very dull and nominally quoted. Wheat was also very dull, with a decline of 2d since Tuesday. Corn was dull but steady.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET.—Provisions were generally quiet. Beef steady. Pork dull. Bacon quiet—quotations nominal. Lard steady, but quiet. Tallow—Quotations barely maintained, but firm at the close. Butcher's quoted at 55s.

LIVERPOOL PRODUCE MARKET.—There was an improved demand for Sugar, but prices continued weak. Coffee closed firm. Rice was heavy, with little inquiry and weak prices; Carolina quoted at 17s@18s 6d. Tea was active at 1s 1d@1s 2d for Congou. Linseed Oil quiet at 32s 6d@33s. Rosin steady. Turpentine—Spirits steady, at 32s.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—The Bank of England has reduced the rate of discount to 5 per cent., and the money market was easier. Consols closed at 94¾@94¾ for money.

American Stocks—Messrs. Baring & Co.'s circular reports a small business transacted. Americans were held firm, and had slightly advanced in some cases. Bell & Co. report the market generally quiet.

HAVRE MARKET, Jan. 13.—The sales of Cotton for the week ending this day were 5,000 bales. The market had a declining tendency. The stock in port was 85,000 bales. *New Orleans tres ordinaire*, 98f.

FROM KANSAS.—It has been reported since our last, that Calhoun has decided that the Pro-Slavery ticket and legislature were elected at the recent election under the Lecompton Constitution in Kansas. This is again denied, however. It is therefore still a matter of doubt. A number of important acts, one abolishing slavery are before the Territorial legislature, and will probably pass.

The Democrat's Kansas correspondent says, the Free-State people of that Territory have decided not to memorialize Congress for an enabling act, but to pass one themselves, and to frame a Constitution which will be like the Topeka instrument, submitting it for acceptance or rejection.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 28.—The Kansas correspondent of the Democrat says that the Territorial legislature has decided not to give way for the Topeka government, but proceed to the enactment of an entire new code of laws, to supersede all the laws passed at the prior and special sessions. The protest to Congress against the Lecompton Constitution has also been published.

Colin Clarkson, the bearer of the Lecompton Constitution, left here this morning for Washington. General Calhoun, Judge Lecompte and Henry Clay Pate will probably reach here to-morrow.

THE WONDERFUL WHITER.—The Ohio Farmer of January 23, published in Cleveland, thus notice the progress of the season:

"Lilac buds are quite green; elders show leaf. A shrubby St. Johnswort in our garden has come out in full leaf. Violets are peeping out here and there, and the buds of rose bushes are considerably swollen. Gooseberries and all varieties of currants ditto. The only thing that has surprised us, is the fact that few, if any, of the bulbous-rooted flowers show any leaves. Even the snowdrop, earliest of all spring flowers, has not yet made its appearance with us. The effect upon the wheat crop can be nothing but bad, for the many freezings and thawings have the effect of throwing out the plants, especially when sown broadcast. Drilled wheat will not, however, suffer to any appreciable extent, unless the changes should be much greater than they have been."

SINGULAR FACT.—The Boston matrimonial registries prove that there have been six intermarriages, during the year, of white women with colored men; but no white man has been known to thus unite himself with a colored woman. This tendency of the female portion of the community to matrimonially degrade themselves is a singular psychological fact. Women marry negroes, or throw themselves into the arms of wealthy white men, poisoned with age and disease, as a matter of course, their doing so seems to be, indeed, a recognized institution of our social system. But young men very seldom throw themselves away on old women for the sake of money, and, even in Boston, have too much decency to wed with negresses. —*Exchange Paper.*

A SLEEPY BRIDE.—The *Journal des Débats* tells of a young couple who went to church at Lyons to be married. During the time the ecclesiastic who presided at the ceremony was addressing them the bride fell into a most profound sleep, which lasted till the moment came at which the young husband was to put the nuptial ring on the finger of his drowsy partner; but, on perceiving her state of unconsciousness, he was, as may readily be belived, shocked and irritated at such a flagrant disregard of all decency. After the conclusion of the ceremony he informed his bride's friends that he would not live with her; and, giving them 2,000 francs for her, as stipulated in the contract, left her.

MILD WEATHER IN ENGLAND.—The weather in England continues as remarkably fine as on this side. Vegetation, in some parts of the country, is in as forward a state as it usually is in April. There are gardens in the vicinity of the metropolis where *summer roses are in full bloom.*

A "SKRIMMAGE."—Recently a personal collision occurred at Richmond, Va., between O. Jennings Wise, a son of Gov. Wise, and R. Ridgway, editor of the Whig. According to the statement of the latter, Mr. Wise attacked him in his office (because of some editorial remarks in relation to his father), when the collision ensued, without damage, however, to either party.

A GERMAN gentleman, named Muller, has just put down about five millions of eggs of the lake trout obtained from Lakes Ontario and Michigan, in streams leading into Lake Saltonstall, Conn. He has also put down about a million of the eggs of the white fish in the same lake. It is expected that in two or three years the fish will be of marketable size.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

SLIDERS AND SKATERS—THE LOST STEAMER PACIFIC—A LADY-SCULPTOR—DEATH OF RACHEL—A LOSS TO AUSTRIA.

Paris, January 7, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Winter is upon us at last, with a grip whose tightness seems intended to make up for the ease with which we had been so far held by the season. The ponds in the Public Gardens are frozen solidly, and are covered by crowds of sliders of every age, who dash across their narrow circumference in a continuous stream, a number of street-sweepers standing beside the slide with their brooms, and giving a brush to the latter every few minutes. Now and then, the enlivening influence of the scene being too strong for their quiescence, an irresistible impulse causes them to whisk up their broom over their shoulder and to fall into file with the sliders; and away they go as delightedly as any of their neighbors, their blue *blouses* conspicuous among the coats and jackets of their "betters" in the race, the worsted comforter round the head which seems to constitute the general idea of "winter clothing" among the poor in this country, and their besoms bristling above their shoulder. Scores of eager aspirants, waiting to spring into the first vacant places, stand round the edge of the basin on which as many pairs of skates are lying; but though many of those on the pond are shod with these instruments, yet, the fact that they merely slide across like their neighbors, suggests a mild doubt as to the proficiency of the wearers in their use of the northern shoe. Behind these again is a dense border of nurses and children, *gamins*, soldiers, ladies and gentlemen, and policemen, looking on with a warmth of sympathy and admiration pleasant to contemplate. The good-tempered way in which the French of all ages, and to a certain degree of all ranks, interest themselves in whatever happens to be going on at the moment, is one of the most amiable features in their character.

The Seine, with its swift current, seems to be struggling against the rapid accumulation of floating ice that is beginning to cover its surface; but if we have a few more nights of the temperature to which we have been subjected since the old year bid us "good-bye," we shall see the river crowded with the few good skaters the capital can boast of, eager to show off their skill in an art in which the Parisians, having rarely the opportunity of so doing, are particularly ambitious of proving themselves adepts.

But the sharp cutting blasts, the cold sunshine, and still colder starlight with which we are just now visited, make one think with especial sympathy of those who are compelled, at this inclement season, to attempt the pathless waste of the ocean, and the fearful vicinage of the ice! Of all the frightful modes in which Death can overtake our shuddering humanity—far beyond the horrors of the battle-field or of fire—surely that of shipwreck in the freezing water of the icefields is the sternest and most terrible!

This reflection has been forced on me by the examination of a small sheet of paper torn apparently out of a blank book, and written on in pencil, which was found in a bottle washed ashore on the coast of France a few months ago; the said paper purporting to have been written by a passenger on board the lost steamer *Pacific*, which, as your readers doubtless remember, left Liverpool on the 23rd of January, 1856, for New York, having on board the mails, 40 passengers, and a crew of 130 souls, but which never reached its destination, and has been supposed to have foundered at sea, probably owing to a collision with the ice.

The message itself, clearly written, but without stops, each of the short phrases it contains being commenced with a capital letter, is as follows:

"Steamship Pacific Eldridge Commander Smith passenger Steamship Pacific run between two icebergs All hands lost On the first of April 1856 Just going down 2 P M."

Your readers will also remember that the fact of this bottle, with its enclosure, having been found on the French coast, on the 14th of September, 1857, was noticed in the French and English journals at the time of its occurrence; the latter, owing to the length of time that had elapsed between the loss of the steamer and the picking-up of the bottle, and also to the message being dated "On the first of April," setting down the whole affair as a humbug.

A statement of the circumstances of the case, however, will tend, I think, to show that this judgment was probably premature, and that there is good reason for believing that the message may be an authentic one, revealing the fate of the unfortunate steamer in question.

In the first place it is to be remarked that the bottle, with the paper enclosed in it, really was found, as stated in the *Moniteur*, on the strand at Melon, in the Syndicate of Porspoder, in the Department of the Finisterre, on the 14th of September, 1857; whence it was taken by the finder to the Maritime Prefect of Brest, and was forwarded by that functionary to the Minister of Marine in this city, in whose care it has remained up to the present time.

In the next place it appears that the report of the finding of this message having reached the United States has elicited the fact that a Mr. Legrand Smith, of Norwalk, Connecticut, was among the passengers on board the *Pacific* on her last trip; and friends of this Mr. Smith have written to your distinguished townsman, Dr. Thomas Evans—who is attached to the Imperial Household as Dental Physician to the Emperor,—assuring him that the writing of such a message under such circumstances is exactly what all who know him would regard as just what he would be most likely to do, and moreover that the terse and laconic style of the message in question is so strikingly characteristic of the man that "not two out of a hundred of those who knew him would hesitate to ascribe its authorship to him," and requested Dr. Evans to endeavor to procure the paper, and to send it to them in order that they might compare it with his handwriting, and thus arrive, in case the authenticity of the paper were thus demonstrated, at a knowledge of the fate of the *Pacific*; a matter of no small importance, for, although the confirmation of painful surmises with regard to missing friends is but small comfort to the survivors, yet in a case like that of the loss of the *Pacific*, where every vestige of hope has long since vanished, the knowledge of the fate of the missing steamer will certainly afford a sort of melancholy satisfaction to those who had connections on board her during her last trip, and will also relieve such parties from great practical embarrassment, by enabling them to regulate a vast amount of business matters which, in the uncertainty hitherto felt as to the fate of the former, have necessarily been left in abeyance up to the present time.

The fact that ice was present in unusual quantities at the time when the *Pacific* was lost—that Capt. Eldridge was believed to have taken a more northerly route than usual in order to gain time upon the new steamer *Persia*, which was to make her first trip behind him, and from which a speedy passage was anticipated,—that the "Shipwith, Capt. Ryan," in coming off the coast of Newfoundland, Feb. 13th, 1856, fell in with ice two hundred miles from land, and reported having "seen the lights of a *steamer in the ice*,"—and that a Glasgow steamer subsequently reported having seen "state-room doors, and broken cabin-furniture, evidently belonging to some steamer floating on a field of ice," have led to the general belief that the steamer most probably perished in collision with the ice, and, so far, affords strong presumptive evidence in favor of the validity of the paper in the bottle. The writing of the letter *M*, as though for March, and the change to the word *April*, is also in favor of this supposition, indicating just such an error, and its rapid correction, as would seem of very probable occurrence at so fearful a moment.

Such being the probabilities in the matter, Dr. Evans, on receiving the communication just alluded to from the friends of Mr. Smith, waited on the Emperor, and having informed him of the circumstances of the case, requested his Majesty to grant him permission to inspect the paper at the Ministry of Marine. The Emperor, who, whatever else he may or may not be, is extremely sympathetic in all matters of private suffering or anxiety, and very prompt in giving aid when such matters are brought before him, listened to Dr. Evans's account with great interest, and immediately wrote for him an order, addressed to the Minister, and desiring that Dr. Evans should be admitted to examine the document in question. The Emperor subsequently ordered the paper to be brought to the Tuileries for his own inspection; and reflecting that it might be more convenient to Dr. Evans to have it in his own possession, gave it to him, desiring him to do whatever he thought best with it, and expressing his hope that its authenticity might be proved, in order to relieve the suspense of the friends of the unfortunate passengers. In the Doctor's care it now remains; but, unwilling to risk its possible loss by sending it to the United States, Dr. Evans has written to the friends of Mr. Smith, requesting them to forward to him a sample of his handwriting; on receipt of which the question of the identity of the writing found in the bottle with that of Mr. Smith will be carefully decided by competent authorities, and shall be duly communicated to your readers.

A charming statue has just been executed here, in marble, by a young English lady, Miss Durant, of London, whose name may perhaps be as yet unknown on your side the Atlantic, but who has already acquired a high place among the artists of her native land, and may be fairly regarded as one of the most promising sculptors of the present day. The statue in question is about three feet high, and is called *The Shepherd Boy*; the subject being partly suggested by a charming passage in Leigh Hunt's *Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*, itself borrowed from a passage in an Idyll of Theocritus; the boy being set to guard the grapes, becomes so intent on the capture of a locust among the vine-leaves, that he is quite unaware of the depredations committed by two cunning and audacious foxes on the juicy treasures he is set to watch over.

The group is exquisitely graceful; the boy, the stump of a tree, up which a vine is climbing, and against which he leans, while the grape-laden boughs make a bowery arch above his head, the fall of the sheepskin over his shoulders, the slender forms and bushy tails of the foxes, and the rapt absorption of the boy, whose fingers are just closing over the insect, are all most charmingly and truthfully brought out, and the modelling of the figure proves the thorough anatomical knowledge of the sculptor. A certain lightness and elasticity in the figure, a something suggestive of movement, the originality of effect produced by the arching of the vine-branches above the head of the figure—an arrangement presenting great mechanical difficulties most happily overcome—render this little work as striking and effective as it is beautiful. The *Shepherd Boy* has been purchased by Baron Rothschild; and the artist has since repeated it, with certain modifications, on a larger scale, for exhibition in the Royal Academy of London, this coming spring. The *Robin Hood*, the admirable bust of Mrs. Stowe, a marble, the great statue, seven feet high, of the Earl of Warwick ("The Kingmaker") and a bust she has just executed, also in marble, of the little four-year-old son of Said Pasha Viceroy of Egypt, are all marked by the same consummate knowledge of the details of her art the same poetic treatment, and the same latent vitality so remarkable in her "*Shepherd Boy*."

This little Egyptian prince is the only child of the many-wived Pacha, his father; and is the pet and darling of the whole harem. The Pasha has but one legal and acknowledged wife, a Princess, and chief of the harem; the mother of the boy is a slave-wife, but the child's rank appears to be the same as it would be were he the son of the Princess herself. The latter, indeed, regards him as *her* son, and feels the same pride in him that she would feel in a child of her own, a feeling which seems to be shared by all the other inferior wives to an equal degree. The interest with which this bust of the household darling of all these harem-ladies is looked for by them seems to be very intense; and though the bust was ordered by Sir Moses Montefiore, of London, as a present from him to the Viceroy, the Turkish Ambassador has watched the progress of the work—just executed in this city—with the greatest interest, supplying the insignia of the different Turkish orders, the inscription, in Turkish, which gives, in a complicated talismanic-looking scratch, the name and titles, the time and place of birth, and a quantity of other particulars of the illustrious little four-year-old child in question, who, being excessively active by nature, and excessively petted, was a most terribly restless and impatient *sitter*. Miss Durant, however, has been just as successful with this baby-face as with her other; and the work is a very remarkable one, and exciting just now, great interest in London, where it is sojourning for a short time, preparatory to being sent to its destination on the shores of the Nile. The Egyptians will no doubt regard this bust with all the more surprise for its being the work of a lady-artist.

Poor Rachel breathed her last on Monday; her remains will reach Paris to-day, and to-morrow all the artistic and literary celebrities of the capital, with a crowd of aristocratic and wealthy adorers of the great tragedian, will assemble at her dwelling in the Place Royale, to accompany her remains to their last resting-place. She died in the Jewish faith, and will be buried according to the rites of that ancient people.

Marshal Radetsky, the servant of Austria, who with a skill, energy, and courage that cannot be denied even by those who most deplore the cause in which they were enlisted, crushed the hopes of Italy in 1848, and gave back its fairest stolen jewel to the Austrian crown, is also gone to his last reckoning. He died a few days since at Milan. How different would be at this moment the state of that fair and unfortunate peninsula had this long and energetic life been brought to a close ten years ago!

QUANTUM.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Imperial Government has fixed upon Ottowa City (late Bytown) as the permanent seat of the Canadian Government.

MEXICO is reported to have made overtures toward the sale of Sonora, and other territory, to the United States.

A MAN named Miller Dounty died a few days since in Illinois, and left orders that before burial his body should be salted away *a la pork*. The will was imperative, and Mr. Dounty was pickled accordingly.

THE wheat crop in Virginia is said to have never presented a more promising appearance at this season of the year, than at present.

FUNDED PROPERTY OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.—According to a Belgian paper, the funded property of the House of Rothschilds of Paris, amounts at present to forty millions sterling.

CINCINNATI HOG AND CATTLE TRADE.—The Cincinnati Gazette estimates that the sum total of values derived from cattle and hogs, either cured, slaughtered, or carried alive from Ohio, amounts, in round numbers, to $20,000,000.

COTTON IN ALGERIA.—The French Government is making great efforts to encourage the growth of cotton in Algeria. A prize of 5,000 francs was recently awarded by the Province of Constantinople to a successful cultivator of this useful plant.

SIXTY-FOUR farmers living in and about Middletown, Conn., have given notice to the citizens that on Monday, at 11 o'clock, they will come in with their *ox-carts*, laden with wood and provisions for gratuitous distribution to the poor, under the management of the mayor and a committee of citizens.

THE lady who is expected to make Mr. Fillmore "the happiest of men," on the 11th of February next, says the New York Post, is a Mrs. McIntosh, a woman distinguished for a great variety of charms, solid as well as transitory. Her former husband made a fortune in the crockery business, in Albany, and was President of the Albany and Schenectady Railroad during the last three years preceding the consolidation.

IT is stated that the Hon. Thomas Slidell, ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, upon hearing of the late financial crisis, and fearing the effect it would have upon certain stocks in which he had a large interest, became completely insane.

THE Chatham (Canada West) Planet says:—"Not only have pansies been seen in full bloom in this town during the present month, but Mr. R. K. Bayne informed us that on the 4th ult., strawberry vines were in the blossom in the open air in his garden. Up to the time we write we have no snow, and very little frost.'

SOME of the farmers in Michigan, deeming the present extraordinary weather for the season favorable to the rushing of the sap, have recently tapped their maple trees to try the experiment, and succeeded in making quite a quantity of maple sugar.

AT the museum in Leicester Square, London, there is now on exhibition the veritable ceremonial robe of that "Hindoo demon of a Nena Sahib," as the Bombay letters describe him, which is daily inspected by immense crowds. The shawl alone is said to be worth a thousand pounds sterling, and is a most perfect specimen of India workmanship.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA.—For this document we are indebted to the New Orleans True Delta. The Governor favors the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution; advocates the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, legitimate southern expansion, and a limitation of bank notes in Louisiana to not less than $10, with the view of securing a more decisive metallic currency.

TENNYSON AN OPIUM EATER.—The report now being so generally circulated through the newspapers, that the Poet Laureate is a "confirmed opium eater," and that it is beginning to tell upon his health, is contradicted most emphatically, by those who know him best. He has recently been paying a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Argyle at their castle, and was in his usual health. He was accompanied by Mrs. Tennyson and his two sons.

GOVERNOR WISE has postponed, for the present, his contemplated letter on Kansas, for the perusal of which much anxiety has been manifested.

PRIVATE despatches from Washington, state positively that General Scott is not going to California. It is true that he was to go, and that passage was taken for him in the next steamer, but the Administration, it is said, have changed their views on the whole subject.

SPURGEON'S BAZAAR.—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's bazaar, at Surrey Hall realized, after paying all expenses, £900 towards the erection of a suitable tabernacle for Mr. Spurgeon and the members of his church and congregation. The Duchess of Sutherland, says the *Court Circular*, has taken great interest in the bazaar. Through the exertions of her Grace more articles of taste and art, the work of fashionable fingers, found their way into the recesses of the stalls than ever were known to be collected for such a purpose before.

RICHMOND ENQUIRER.—It is stated that Messrs. Nathaniel Tyler and O. Jennings Wise have purchased an interest in the Richmond Enquirer, and will in future be connected with the editorial department of that paper.

A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN ABROAD.—A prominent citizen of Boston recently took his seat at a table d'hote in Lyons, France, but before commencing his dinner, looked up at his opposite neighbor at the table, when his astonished eyes recognized in person Mr. Samuel Lawrence, the missing treasurer of the Middlesex and Bay State Mills. Both parties were rather embarrassed by the sudden mutual recognition, but soon recovered sufficiently "to talk it over." We understand Mr. Lawrence's friends have sent out enjoining his immediate return.—They consider his flight as an unnecessary and rash proceeding, and say that the record shows nothing criminal or dishonorable against him.—*Springfield Republican*.

ERROR IN THE CENSUS.—It is a fact not generally known to our citizens, says the Dover Democrat, that in the last census of the State of Delaware (1850) the names of three populous Hundreds, in Sussex county, were not returned, and that thereby the statistical population of our State is diminished more than ten thousand. The Hundreds of North-West Fork, Broad Creek and Little Creek, were entirely omitted in the census, in consequence of the illness of our Marshal J. J. Jenkins, who did not make a return in time. These three Hundreds, it is supposed, contain a population of about 6,0 whites and 2,000 blacks.

A SPIRITUALIST BUILDING.—The Cleveland Herald says, an association of spiritualists are engaged in putting up a building at Randolph, Chatauqua county, N. Y., which shall be a perfect *ex* from the human form, minus the legs. The ce ans the skylights, and all the viscera of the by fill their parts in this edifice. The building is designed for the use of the association.

It is reported from Washington that, in the committee of the Senate, Mr. Douglas gave a casting vote against the Southern route for the Pacific Railroad.

MACAULAY AND WM. PENN.

FROM THE LONDON ATHENÆUM.

That Baron Macaulay should defend what Mr. Macaulay wrote will not surprise any one.—That having resolved to defend his accusation of Penn in the "scandalous business" of the Taunton girls, he should do so with a certain dexterity and strength, every one will expect to find. If the charge breaks down in his hands—if his facts fail, and even his assertions lack force—the reader will be sure that the weakness lies in the cause rather than in the advocate.

The new edition of his "History" is advertised as "revised and corrected;"—but with regard to the charge against Penn—though it has been disproved by evidence which all the organs of opinion have accepted as conclusive—there is no revision and no correction. William Penn still stands in the historical text a pardon-broker, engaged in a scandalous transaction:—Our readers will be very curious to see the reasoning by which the "corrector" has arrived at this extraordinary conclusion, confronted with the facts stated in the Introductory Chapter of the new edition of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "Life of Penn." Lord Macaulay's fame is national property. We are proud of his talents, and we are naturally jealous of his credit. If this be lowered, literature itself suffers somewhat. But truth is of more consequence than the reputation of a great writer. The original Macaulay-text still stands:—

"An order was sent down to Taunton that all these little girls should be seized and imprisoned. Sir Francis Warre, of Hestercombe, the Tory member for Bridgewater, was requested to undertake the office of exacting the ransom. He was charged to declare in strong language that the Maids of Honor would not endure delay, that they were determined to prosecute to outlawry, unless a reasonable sum were forthcoming, and that by a reasonable sum were meant seven thousand pounds. Warre excused himself from taking any part in a transaction so scandalous. The Maids of Honor then requested William Penn to act for them; and Penn accepted the commission."

To this text we have an explanation by Baron Macaulay, which we quote entire—merely pausing at the chief points to assess its value. The note runs:—

"Locke's 'Western Rebellion;' Toulmin's 'History of Taunton,' edited by Savage; 'Letter of the Duke of Somerset to Sir F. Warre;' 'Letter of Sunderland to Penn,' Feb. 13, 1685-6, from the State Paper Office, in the Mackintosh Collection (1848.) The letter of Sunderland is as follows:—

"'WHITEHALL, Feb. 13, 1685-6.

"'Mr. Penne,—Her Majesty's Maids of Honor having acquainted me that they designe to employ you and Mr. Walden in making a composition with the relations of the Maids of Taunton for the high misdemeanour they have been guilty of, I do at their request, hereby let you know that his Majesty has been pleased to give their fines to the said Maids of Honor, and therefore recommend it to Mr. Walden and you to make the most advantageous composition you can in their behalfe. I am, sir, your humble servant, SUNDERLAND.'

"That the person to whom this letter was addressed was William Penn the Quaker was not doubted by Sir James Mackintosh, who first brought it to light, or, as far as I am aware, by any other person, till after the publication of the first part of this History. It has since been confidently asserted that the letter was addressed to a certain George Penne, who appears, from an old account-book lately discovered, to have been concerned in a negotiation for the ransom of one of Monmouth's followers, named Azariah Pinney. If I thought that I had committed an error, I should, I hope, have the honesty to acknowledge it. But, after full consideration, I am satisfied that Sunderland's letter was addressed to William Penn. Much has been said about the way in which the name is spelt. The Quaker, we are told, was not Mr. Penne, but Mr. Penn. I feel assured that no person conversant with the books and manuscripts of the seventeenth century will attach any importance to this argument. It is notorious that a proper name was then thought to be well spelt if the sound were preserved. To go no further than the persons who, in Penn's time, held the Great Seal, one of them is sometimes Hyde and sometimes Hide; another is Jefferies, Jeffries, Jeffereys, and Jeffreys; a third is Somers, Sommers and Summers; a fourth is Wright and Wrighte; and a fifth is Cowper and Cooper. The Quaker's name was spelt in three ways. He, and his father the Admiral before him, invariably, as far as I have observed, spelt it Penn; but most people spelt it Pen; and there were some who adhered to the ancient form, Penne. For example, William the father is Penne, in a letter from Disbrowe to Thurlowe, dated on the 7th of December, 1654; and William the son is Penne in a newsletter of the 22nd of September, 1688, printed in the Ellis Correspondence. In Richard Ward's 'Life and Letters of Henry More,' printed in 1710, the name of the Quaker will be found spelt in all the three ways, Penn in the index, Pen in page 197, and Penne in page 311. The same is Penne in the Commission which the Admiral carried out with him on his expedition to the West Indies. Burchett, who became Secretary to the Admiralty soon after the Revolution, and remained in office long after the accession of the House of Hanover, always, in his Naval History, wrote the name Penne.—Surely, it cannot be thought strange that an old-fashioned spelling, in which the Secretary of the Admiralty persisted so late as 1720, should have been used at the office of the Secretary of State in 1686. I am quite confident that, if the letter which we are considering had been of a different kind, if Mr. Penne had been informed that, in consequence of his earnest intercession, the King had been graciously pleased to grant a free pardon to the Taunton girls, and if I had attempted to deprive the Quaker of the credit of that intercession, on the ground that his name was not Penne, the very persons who now complain so bitterly that I am unjust to his memory, would have complained quite as bitterly, and, I must say, with much more reason. I think myself, therefore, perfectly justified in considering the names, Penn and Penne, as the same."

The question of the spelling—about which we have here these needless illustrations—amounts to this, and no more. A letter is found addressed to Mr. Penne. There is a Mr. Penne. *He* spells his name Penne. The Pinney family spell his name Penne. Everybody spells his name Penne. In deeds, petitions, Acts of Parliament, it is spelt Penne. Moreover, he is a pardon-broker. He is at Taunton. He is actually engaged in selling pardons. Why, then, assume that the writer of the letter is ignorant of the mode in which his correspondent writes his name? Had there been no Mr. Penne (as Sir James Mackintosh imagined), it might have been argued that Sunderland had made a mistake in spelling. But there being a man whose name the letter *does* bear—and who is a known pardon-broker, actually engaged at the time in Taunton selling pardons—why go in search for a man whose name it does *not* bear, and who is not known in any way ever to have been connected with the sale of pardons at Taunton or any other place? Would Lord Macaulay wish the reading world so infer that all his investigations have been made in this spirit and according to this logic?

To proceed:—

"To which, then, of the two persons who bore that name, George or William, is it probable that the letter of the Secretary of State was addressed? George was evidently an adventurer of a very low class. All that we learn about him from the papers of the Pinney family is that he was employed in the purchase of a pardon for the younger son of a dissenting minister.—The whole sum which appears to have passed through George's hands on this occasion was sixty-five pounds. His commission on the transaction must therefore have been small. The only other information which we have about him is that he, some time later, applied to the government for a favor which was very far from being an honor. In England the Groom Porter of the Palace had a jurisdiction over games of chance, and made some very dirty gain by issuing lottery tickets and licensing hazard tables. George appears to have petitioned for a similar privilege in the American colonies."

George Penne was not a mere vagabond, as here described. Though he had become a pardon-broker, he had once been a gentleman of property. A great deal more is known about George Penne than the two facts which Lord Macaulay borrows from Mr. Dixon.

"William Penn was, during the reign of James the Second, the most active and powerful solicitor about the Court. I will quote the words of his admirer, Croese: 'Quum autem Pennus tanta gratia plurimum apud regem valeret, et per id perplures sibi amicos acquireret, illum omnes, etiam qui modo aliqua notitia erant conjuncti, quoties aliquid a rege postulandum agendumve apud regem esset, adire, ambire, orare, ut eos apud regem adjuvaret.' He was overwhelmed by business of this kind, 'obrutus negotiationibus curationibusque.' His house and the approaches to it were every day blocked up by crowds of persons who came to request his good offices; 'domus ac vestibula quotidie referta clientium et supplicantium.' From the Fountainhall papers it appears that his influence was felt even in the Highlands of Scotland.—We learn from himself that, at this time, he was always toiling for others, that he was a daily suitor at Whitehall, and that, if he had chosen to sell his influence, he could, in little more than three years, have put twenty thousand pounds into his pocket, and obtained a hundred thousand more for the improvement of the colony of which he was proprietor. Such was the position of these two men. Which of them, then, was the more likely to be employed in the matter to which Sunderland's letter related? Was it George or William, an agent of the lowest or of the highest class? The persons interested were ladies of rank and fashion, resident at the palace, where George would hardly have been admitted into an outer room, but where William was every day in the presence chamber, and was frequently called into the closet. The greatest nobles in the kingdom were zealous and active in the cause of their fair friends, nobles with whom William lived in habits of familiar intercourse, but who would hardly have thought George fit company for their grooms. The sum in question was seven thousand pounds, a sum not large when compared with the masses of wealth with which William had constantly to deal, but more than a hundred times as large as the only ransom which is known to have passed through the hands of George. These considerations would suffice to raise a strong presumption that Sunderland's letter was addressed to William, and not to George; but there is a still stronger argument behind. It is most important to observe that the person to whom this letter was addressed was not the first person whom the Maids of Honor had requested to act for them. They applied to him because another person, to whom they had previously applied, had, after some correspondence, declined the office. From their first application we learn with certainty what sort of person they wished to employ. If their first application had been made to some obscure pettifogger or needy gambler, we should be warranted in believing that the Penne to whom their second application was made was George. If, on the other hand, their first application was made to a gentleman of the highest consideration, we can hardly be wrong in saying that the Penne to whom their second application was made must have been William. To whom, then, was their first application made? It was to Sir Francis Warre, of Hestercombe, a Baronet and a Member of Parliament. The letters are still extant in which the Duke of Somerset, the proud Duke, not a man very likely to have corresponded with George Penne, pressed Sir Francis to undertake the commission. The latest of those letters is dated about three weeks before Sunderland's letters to Mr. Penne. Somerset tells Sir Francis that the town clerk of Bridgewater, whose name, I may remark in passing, is spelt sometimes Bird and sometimes Birde, had offered his services, but that those services had been declined. It is clear, therefore, that the Maids of Honor were desirous to have an agent of high station and character.—And they were right. For the sum which they demanded was so large that no ordinary jobber could safely be entrusted with the care of their interests. As Sir Francis Warre excused himself from undertaking the negotiation, it became necessary for the Maids of Honor and their advisers to choose somebody who might supply his place; and they chose Penne. Which of the two Pennes, then, must have been their choice, George, a petty broker, to whom a per centage on sixty-five pounds was an object, and whose highest ambition was to derive an infamous livelihood from cards and dice, or William, not inferior in social position to any commoner in the kingdom? Is it possible to believe that the ladies who, in January, employed the Duke of Somerset to procure for them an agent in the first rank of the English gentry, and who did not think an attorney, though occupying a respectable post in a respectable corporation, good enough for their purpose, would, in February, have resolved to trust everything to a fellow who was as much below Bird as Bird was below Warre?"

Here we have a very weak argument in very strong words. When the object was to cast dirt at Penn, the Taunton business was "scandalous;" now that the object is to escape from the proved fact that the "scandalous" business was assigned to a "scandalous" agent, it becomes one proper for a gentleman of the highest rank. But the whole point rests on the assertion that George Penne could not have been in correspondence with such great people as Somerset and the Maids of Honor. One fact destroys this theory. George Penne was a person whom the Duke of Somerset might have addressed on such a subject as the ransom of the girls of Taunton. George Penne corresponded with the masters of Somerset—with the Privy Council. He was of sufficient importance to the State to have his correspondence entered in the Registers of the Privy Council.

We give the rest of the explanation, though it amounts to nothing:—

"But, it is said, Sunderland's letter is dry and distant; and he never would have written in such a style to William Penn, with whom he was on friendly terms. Can it be necessary for me to reply that the official communications which a Minister of State makes to his dearest friends and nearest relations are as cold and formal as those which he makes to strangers? Will it be contended that the General Wellesley, to whom the Marquess Wellesley, when Governor of India, addressed so many letters beginning with 'Sir,' and ending with 'I have the honor to be your obedient servant,' cannot possibly have been his Lordship's brother Arthur? But, it is said, Oldmixon tells a different story. According to him, a Popish lawyer named Brent, and a subordinate jobber named Crane, were the agents in the matter of the Taunton girls. Now, it is notorious that of all our historians Oldmixon is the least trustworthy. His most positive assertion would be of no value when opposed to such evidence as is furnished by Sunderland's letter. But Oldmixon asserts nothing positively. Not only does he not assert positively that Brent and Crane acted for the Maids of Honor; but he does not even assert positively that the Maids of Honor were at all concerned. He goes no further than 'It was said,' and 'It was reported.' It is plain, therefore, that he was very imperfectly informed. I do not think it impossible, however, that there may have been some foundation for the rumor which he mentions. We have seen that one busy lawyer, named Bird, volunteered to look after the interests of the Maids of Honor, and that they were forced to tell him that they did not want his services. Other persons, and among them the two whom Oldmixon names, may have tried to thrust themselves into so lucrative a job, and may, by pretending to interest at Court, have succeeded in obtaining a little money from terrified families. But nothing can be more clear than that the authorized agent of the Maids of Honor was the Mr. Penne to whom the Secretary of State wrote; and I firmly believe that Mr. Penne to have been William the Quaker."

"Nothing can be more clear"—unfortunately nothing can be *less* clear. There is no authority—so far as we know—for the assertion that "Mr. Penne" *was* the authorized agent.

The "corrector" adds:—

"If it be said that it is incredible that so good a man would have been concerned in so bad an affair, I can only answer that this affair was very far indeed from being the worst in which he was concerned. For these reasons I leave the text, and shall leave it, exactly as it originally stood (1857.)"

"These reasons" will very much surprise Baron Macaulay's readers. "I firmly believe" is no acceptable form of historical authority.—We firmly believe there are only two opinions on the subject of this singular charge against Penn—on one side that of Baron Macaulay, on the other side that of the British public.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The new steamship Moses Taylor, arrived from Aspinwall at New York on the 27th, bringing California advices to the 5th ult. She connected, at the Isthmus, with the steamer John L. Stephens. The Taylor has on board $1,500,000 in specie.

The San Francisco papers are barren of news.

The intelligence from the mines is very favorable. Business was dull both at San Francisco and in the interior.

Fine specimens of staple cotton have been raised in Tulare county.

The greater part of the town of Downieville has been destroyed by fire. Loss $500,000.

An Anti-Mormon meeting has been held at Los Angeles, and a memorial adopted asking General Clark for 500 men for the protection of the citizens.

The annual session of the California Legislature commenced on the 4th ult. The Governor would probably recommend taxation of the mining claims. The question was expected to cause a serious quarrel in the Democratic party.

A slight shock of earthquake was experienced at San Francisco on the 24th ult.

FROM OREGON.—The official vote at the late election in Oregon shows a majority of 5,000 against slavery. There was also a majority of 4,000 in favor of the Constitution, and 7,500 against the admission of free negroes.

The Legislature was in session and the first election under the State Constitution is to take place in June next.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Mr. Lomer has been arrested at Lima, charged with having organized a filibuster expedition in the United States in aid of Gen. Echonique.

Capt. Duane, of the American ship Lammequer, complains of an outrage to his boat's crew, and an insult to himself, committed by the officers of a Peruvian war steamer.

TROUBLE AMONG THE MORMON WOMEN.—In one of his late speeches, the excellent and patriarchal Brigham Young alludes to the discontent among some of the ungrateful females of his flock. He says it may be necessary to call upon some of the sisters to go into the fields and raise potatoes and wheat while their husbands are defending Zion, but that there will be no compulsion about it. So soon as he learns that a woman would rather go to the enemy's camp than remain at home, he would send her there, *but he will not warrant her safety on the way*. "And why," saith the holy man, "will I send them? I answer, so as to send them to hell as soon as possible.

"Brother Kimball accuses the sisters of gadding about, gossiping too much, and visiting on Sunday. He intimates that the devil is among the women, which we think very likely, or the poor things wouldn't be in Utah. The Elder seems to be sorely afflicted in his own domestic circle. He frankly says: 'I have one or two women that I cannot control, and never did; and I [illegible] as soon try to control a rebellious mule as to control them. Do not quarrel, Brother Heber, says one. No, I do not; but when a woman begins to dispute with me, about nine times out of ten I get up and say, go it, and then go off about my business; and if ever I am so foolish as to quarrel with a woman, I ought to be whipped, for you may always calculate that they will have the last word.'"

INFANT PERDITION.—An exciting scene occurred among the Congregationalists at North Woburn, Mass., a few weeks since. Alpheus S. Nickerson, a recent graduate at Andover Theological Seminary, made application to be admitted as an Evangelist in connection with the Congregational Church and Society of that village. The examination of the candidate was generally satisfactory to the council, except upon a single subject. Being questioned as to the salvation of infants, he expressed his unqualified belief in that doctrine. He did not know precisely how the thing could be accomplished consistently with other parts of his creed, but his confidence in the Divine justice and goodness satisfied him, he said, that it was impossible that those who had committed no actual sin could be eternally damned. Rev. Messrs. Cady, of West Cambridge, Marvin, of Medford, Sewall, of Burlington, and Emerson, objected to this doctrine as a heresy not to be tolerated, and refused to proceed to the ordination of the candidate. The council discussed the matter warmly until 7 o'clock in the afternoon, and then adjourned for eight weeks to reflect upon it, the audience having waited in the church from 10 o'clock till 4 in expectation of the services.

BRITISH CROWN JEWELS.—The paragraph lately going the round of the papers upon the subject of the Crown Jewels, contains an important inaccuracy. The jewels constituting the Regalia at the Tower are not those respecting which there has been a question between our Court and that of Hanover. Some jewels belonging to George II., and some in possession of Queen Charlotte, were, it seems, the subject of a bequest to the Crown of Hanover. Under that bequest they were claimed, and her Majesty having submitted the claim to competent authority, its validity was admitted. The Crown of Hanover, however, has nothing to say as to the Regalia, which will remain as at present.—*Globe*.

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.—The Platte Argus, of the 20th ult., announces the arrival at Weston of Mr. Davidson, with advices from Utah to the 4th of December.

The troops connected with the expedition were engaged in making themselves comfortable for the winter. Their health was generally good.

There is no news from Capt. R. B. Marcy, of the 5th Infantry.

Mr. Davidson reports that there was no snow east of Fort Laramie, but plenty of grass, and the buffalo were fat. He met three army mail trains taking salt from Fort Laramie to the camp.

THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE AT NAPLES.

NAPLES, December 20, 1857.

Earthquake has been knocking at our doors—ringing our very bells. We have almost seen his vast proportions, and as a mastiff would take a smaller animal and shake his very life out, so Earthquake seems to have dealt with us this week. Since Wednesday last, not a day has passed without one or even more shocks, and the public mind is in such a state of terror, that the slightest vibration makes people turn pale and shout out in the streets, "*Terremoto.*" I do not exaggerate the case in the least, nor could fear be excessive after the painful tale which I shall have to relate. There had been a slight shock of an earthquake on December 7th, which had the effect of throwing down the cone of Vesuvius. Another phenomenon to be observed is the extraordinary fine weather which has prevailed for two or three months, resembling rather what we are accustomed to have in the summer than at this season. Well, I was writing on Wednesday night at 10, P. M., when my table seemed to be grasped by a powerful hand and dragged violently backwards and forwards. Lamps danced, pictures knocked against the walls. The timbers of my rooms creaked like a ship laboring in a heavy sea, and the very walls moved perceptibly. "It is an earthquake," I shouted, and rushed to the door, when the bell rang violently, as though one were in a hurry for admission. Outside my apartment, which is on the fourth story, were grouped many persons, some of whom had sprung out of their beds and were in night-dresses. Terror seemed to have overcome them, and whilst some were screaming or invoking the Saints, others were leaning in a fainting state against the walls. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed since the shock which sent us flying, when the "replica" came, that is, the repetition, which, in volcanic countries, is always waited for with such intense anxiety, and it came with the strength of a giant. The stones were shaken from the roof, and all the other signs I have described were renewed with increased violence. But there were two facts which struck me more powerfully than any others: one was that my bell rang for nearly a minute continuously, and it was awful to watch this evidence of a communication with the spirit world. The other fact was, that those who were nearly fainting and were leaning against the wall, rocked backwards and forwards as in a cradle, without the power of resistance. In a minute we were in the street. Vesuvius, which is always considered to be the great safety-valve, was looking very sulky and venemous—nothing appeared but a lambent flame on the top of the mountain, as though its energies were directed elsewhere. All Naples was, however, lighted up with an unusual glare; and I set out on my travels through the streets. Crowds were rushing into all the open squares, in every description of toilette, and some without any at all. There were many in their night dresses—many with a sheet over their shoulders—many in full dress, as they had escaped from a drawing-room. On one spot, near the Villa, a mattrass was laid, and young children were sleeping on it. The squares were full of carriages, occupied by persons whose fears would not permit them to remain at home. The horses were taken out, and all was made snug for the night. Those who could not afford themselves such a luxury were walking up and down; and the lower classes were grouped around great wood fires, which were burning everywhere, at intervals of fifty yards. Under ordinary circumstances, a painter would have exulted in the studies presented to him; as it was, all were agitated by one sentiment alone—that of profound anxiety and apprehension. Such were the scenes which I witnessed on the Riviera di Chiaga, the most fashionable quarter of the town. In the centre of the city there were varieties. There, all the squares were full of carriages; but there were stronger proofs of a panic, and of those passions which always follow a panic. The poor people were rushing down the narrow lanes into the more open thoroughfares, screaming and calling on the Madonna and the Saints to protect them. The churches were very wisely closed, but the entrances were crowded with people on their knees invoking protection—indeed, the [illegible] became so strong, that in some quarters the priests were compelled to yield to it, and the images of St. Ann and of St. Antonio and others were carried in procession, followed by crowds of devotees singing litanies. It was an impressive spectacle; and, connected with a sense of the fearful position in which we were, softened every heart. Then came the darker side of the picture, and a side which is always to be found in those cases. The very bonds of society began to be weakened—crowds of persons began to show a desire to plunder and to break the peace. The houses, having been abandoned by their inhabitants, the thieves took advantage of it, and uttering republican cries, tried to create a disorder which might turn to their profit. The authorities had, however, very prudently sent strong patrols through the city, and on some of the guards threatening to fire, tranquillity was restored. And so we passed the night of the 16th inst. At 3 and 5 o'clock, however, after midnight, two other shocks were repeated, and the panic was increased. As daylight came it was evident that comparatively little damage had been done. A staircase here and there had fallen: very many houses had fissures opened in them, but no house had fallen, and no life had been lost. The Director of the Royal Astronomical Observatory reported that the base of the tower in which is fixed the equatorial machinery was cracked, and that two pendulum clocks in the direction of the shock, which was from South to North, had stopped. A pendulum clock on my own table, standing from East to West, and which had stopped for ten days, was set in motion. Naples had had a great escape. The first shock lasted five seconds, the second shock lasted twenty-five seconds. Had it continued a few seconds more, everything must have been thrown so far out of the perpendicular that general ruin must have followed.

But the provinces, what of them? All the provincials were in a state of the greatest alarm, and the Telegraph Office was so besieged on the morning of the 17th, that a sentinel was placed before it. In the evening the official journal announced that though many inquiries had been made by the electric telegraph at Salerno, no answers had been received from Sala, Lagonegro, or the Calabrias. The cause of the interruption of the communication was unknown.—In Campagna a house had fallen; in Castellamare some staircases gave way; in Sorrento, too, damage of the same kind was sustained, and in Capri a portion of the mountain had fallen.—During the following night again a considerable number of persons slept in the open air, and the same scenes were to be witnessed as during the preceding night. One or two slight shocks of earthquake occurred, but the alarm was not great. The Journal of the 18th reported that the telegraphic communication between Eboli and Sala had been broken; but that through other channels it was known that three persons had been killed in the latter place, and that the prison and the barracks had received considerable damage; that in Potena half the houses had given way; in Padua a hundred, and how many were killed was unknown; in Polla the disasters were immense; in Auletta, Petrosa and Caggiano, many houses ruined and many persons killed; in Salerno many houses were opened, among which two churches, the palace of the Préfet, and the barracks of the gendarmerie, had suffered the most; the belfry and the church of Saldina, close to Salerno, had given way, and two women had been killed. Potenza, however, the capital of the Basilicata, had suffered the most, though to what extent was unknown. At Bari, the people had been much alarmed, and had spent the night in the open air. In Ricigliano ten houses had fallen, two persons had been killed, whilst five or six had been dug out of the ruins. On Saturday morning two other shocks were felt in Salerno, and one in Naples. In the course of the 19th more accurate news came from Potenza, a city of 14,000 or 15,000 inhabitants, where not a house remained in a habitable state. The Palace of the Préfet, the Courts of Justice, the Military and Civil Hospital, the Barracks of the Gendarmerie, and of the Company of the Reserve, the College of Jesuits, the churches, and especially the Cathedral, the telegraphic instruments, all are rendered perfectly useless, nor can any one without danger cross his threshold. Many victims had been disinterred, but the real number was unknown. Tito (a suburb of Potenza possessing nearly 10,000 souls), Marsiconuovo, Haut-cuzano, and Brienza are almost entirely destroyed; two-thirds of Vignola have perished. The ruin in Viggiano Calvello, Anz and Abriola is awful; and yet more so the alarm and desolation of the inhabitants. "The pen," say the writers of this report in the official Journal, "falls in terror from our hand." Such reports as these by no means tended to tranquillize the public mind in Naples, where but one thought occupied all persons. At 5 and half-past 6 o'clock, P. M., on the 19th, we felt two other shocks, and immediately some neighbors rushed into our apartment to inform us of it. Had there been any doubt of it, we might have learnt the truth by putting our heads out of the window, and listening to the cries of "*The Earthquake! The Earthquake!*" Again the people rushed into the streets, and carriages were again stationed for the night in the open squares. The people bivouacked around their fires—the images of Saints were lighted, and every precaution was taken that fear or superstition could suggest.

At midnight another slight shock was felt, and on Sunday, the 20th, at 10 o'clock in the morning, we felt our tables heaving again beneath us. Indeed the earth seems to be as nervous as ourselves, and for some days we may expect a renewal of these awful intimations of danger.—The last I felt yesterday evening, and to slight shocks we are becoming almost indifferent.—Thus, besides the ruin to life and property, thousands have been thrown into a state of desolation and want—are encamped, at the approach of winter, in the open country, and are dependent on the succor of government for almost the means of existence. We hope that we may now lay aside our fears, though we dare not say so, for slight shocks are still felt. The contrasts of feeling, always observable in public calamities, have been strongly marked here by the attempts at violence and theft—by the eagerness with which the multitude wished "to play on the earthquake" in the lottery of last Saturday—and by the superstitious reverence with which the announcement was received, that the blood of St. Januarius had boiled on Sunday or Monday, and by the readiness with which it was followed in procession.—*Corres. London Athenæum.*

THE ALPS.—Dark in color, robed in everlasting mourning, for ever tottering like a fortress shaken by war, fearful as much in their weakness as in their strength, and yet gathered after every fall into darker frowns and unhamiliated threatening; for ever incapable of comfort or healing from herb or flower, nourishing no root in their crevices, touched by no hue of life on buttress or ledge, but to the utmost desolate; knowing no shaking of leaves in the wind nor of grass beside the stream—no other motion but their own mortal shivering, the dreadful crumbling of atom from atom in their corrupting stones; knowing no sound of living voice or living tread, cheered neither by the kid's bleat or marmot's cry; haunted only by uninterrupted echoes from afar off, wandering hither and thither among their walls, unable to escape, and by the bias of angry torrents, and sometimes the shrieks of a bird that flits near the face of them, and sweeps frightened back from under their shadow into the gulf of air. And, sometimes, when the echo has fainted, and the wind has carried the sound of the torrent away, and the bird has vanished, and the mouldering stones are still for a little time—a brown moth, opening and shutting its wings upon a grain of dust, may be the only thing that moves or feels in all the waste of weary precipice, darkening five thousand feet of the blue depth of heaven.—*Ruskin.*

A SPANISH BEAUTY.—What a pretty picture "the senorita," our landlord's daughter, made while she knelt near one of the great pillars, her hands clasped together, her large dark eyes almost closed as she looked demurely down with their long lashes sweeping her cheek—the cheek through whose clear, pale brown there rushed a bright carmine, fluctuating with each changing emotion. And over her small, delicately shaped head, with its masses of glossy, dark hair, fell the graceful folds of the mantilla, made simply of black net, deeply bordered with lace, and therefore transparent enough to show clearly the slightly aquiline nose and its proudly cut nostrils, and the curve of her full, red lips, the upper one shaded—dare we say it, fair English maidens!—with just the very least little black moustaches that ever grew on Spanish lip! You may not think it sounds pretty or looks pretty on paper, but I assure you you would if you had seen the reality.—*Bentley's Mis.*

☞ Be not too hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any one.

THE EVE OF ELECTION!

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

From gold to gray
Our mild sweet day
Of Indian Summer fades too soon;
But, tenderly,
Above the sea,
Hangs, white and calm, the Hunter's moon.

In its pale fire,
The village spire
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance;
The painted walls,
Whereon it falls,
Transfigured stand in marble trance!

O'er fallen leaves
The west wind grieves,
Yet comes the seed-time round again;
And morn shall see
The State sown free
With baleful tares or healthful grain.

Along the street
The shadows meet
Of Destiny, whose hands conceal
The moulds of fate
That shape the State,
And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see
The powers that be,
I stand by Empire's primal springs;
And princes meet
In every street,
And hear the tread of uncrowned kings!

Hark! through the crowd
The laugh runs loud,
Beneath the sad, rebuking moon.
God save the land,
A careless hand
May shake or swerve ere morrow's noon!

No jest is this:
One cast amiss
May blast the hope of Freedom's year.
Oh, take me where
Are hearts of prayer,
And foreheads bowed in reverent fear!

Not lightly fall,
Beyond recall,
The written scrolls a breath can float:
The crowning fact,
The kingliest act
Of Freedom, is the freeman's vote!

For pearls that gem
A diadem,
The diver in the deep sea dives;
The regal right
We boast to-night,
Is ours through costlier sacrifice.

The blood of Vane,
His prison pain,
Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod;
And hers whose faith
Drew strength from death,
And prayed her Russell up to God!

Our hearts grow cold,
We lightly hold
The right which brave men died to gain;
The stake, the cord,
The axe, the sword,
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

Your shadows rend,
And o'er us bend,
Oh, martyrs, with your crowns and palms!
Breathe through these throngs
Your battle songs,
Your scaffold prayers, and dungeon psalms!

Look from thy sky,
Like God's great eye,
Thou solemn moon, with searching beam,
Till in the sight
Of thy pure light
Our mean self-seekings meaner seem.

Shame from our hearts
Unworthy arts,
The fraud designed, the purpose dark;
And smite away
The hands we lay
Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims,
And private aims,
Reveal that august face of Truth,
To which are given,
The age of Heaven,
The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice
Of sovereign choice,
Swell the deep hum of duty done,
And strike the key
Of times to be,
When God and man shall speak as one!

—*National Era.*

WORDS TO THE UNWISE; OR, THE DONKEY'S DICTIONARY.—Advice: Generally consists, even where the giver is sincere, in recommending somebody else to imitate himself. One man tells another what he would do if he were in that other's place, instead of telling him what would be best for him, differently constituted, to do in his own. Advice is very commonly mere dictation; the expression of a desire to control other people's inclinations and regulate their conduct. In reviewing our past career, we, in almost every instance, repent of having taken the advice we took, and rejoice for not having taken that which we rejected. Medical advice is of dubious value, and advice *gratis* is not worth what it is offered for. Little dependence can be placed on any advice but that of a respectable solicitor. Banter: Is the polite and playful expression of contempt. It is the conversation of gentlemen who despise one another. Nobody dares to banter a judge on the bench, or anybody that he fears. The objects of banter are usually those on whom it can, or gentlemen think that it can, be practised with impunity. Banter tires a philosopher, as reasonable conversation bores a fool. To rid yourself of the plague of banter you must retort it, but in the retaliation of banter care should be taken to return insult for insult in an elegant and pleasant manner.—*Punch.*

AN INOPPORTUNE TEXT.—It is said that Theodore A. D'Aubigne in 1623, married the widow of Cæsar Balbini. He was seventy-one; she was sixteen years younger. The marriage was performed during the course of the usual service on Sunday. The minister preached from the text, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." This irritated D'Aubigne beyond measure, and he complained to the Senate of Geneva, who forced the minister to apologize. In doing so, he protested that he had no intention of offending, and that the words complained of belonged to a portion of Scriptures which he had been occupied on successive Sundays in expounding.

WINDFALL.—The origin of this term is said to be the following:—Some of the nobility of England, by the tenure of their estates, were forbidden felling any of the trees upon them, the timber being reserved for the use of the royal navy. Such trees as fell without cutting were property of the occupant; a tornado, therefore, was quite a joyful event to those who had occupancy of extensive forests, and the windfall was sometimes of very great value.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND M. DUPIN.

Louis Napoleon having in November, 1851, determined on his *coup d'etat*, took of course every possible measure and precaution that it succeed. The day fixed for it was the anniversary of the greatest battle of modern times, Austerlitz, that fight which beyond all others proved Napoleon the Great to be the first warrior that has appeared since Cæsar at least. In furtherance of his project, the Boulevards of Paris were about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st of December, (1851,) suddenly enlivened by the appearance of a crowd of lancers proceeding in couples obviously independent of each other, and it seemed going in different directions. The bustle they occasioned struck all observers. They evidently carried despatches, and one or two of them, uncertain of the route he should follow, inquired his way. Much surmise and speculation on the object of the proceeding took place. The public, always wise, settled the matter in their own satisfaction at least. Devinck, the gun-maker and the Government candidate in an election for the city of Paris which took place that day, "Devinck," said the *gobemouche* Parisians, "has just been elected, and it is to announce this victory of a partisan of the Government, that these expresses are sent to all parts of the Department. Finally the lancers disappeared. Each of them, it was afterwards ascertained, proceeded with orders to *Vincennes*, and to all the *forts detaches*, and other military posts, with new and impressive orders and instructions.

The day had been fine. The night set in similarly. The President of the Republic, (Louis Napoleon,) "received," (was "at home,") and towards ten o'clock the *salons* of the Elysee were thronged with the *celebrities* of the day—ministers, statesmen, ambassadors, legislators, generals, judges, lawyers, &c., &c. At the head of the last mentioned class, M. Dupin, the first Advocate in France, would have figured, but that he had been elected President of the National Assembly. He was therefore the most distinguished of all congregated in the Elysee, by his talents, and his position, and was correspondingly *toadied* by the wily President of the Republic, towards whom poor Dupin was positively supercilious!

Eleven o'clock came. "*Bon soir, mon Prince,*" said Dupin to the President of the Republic with *nonchalance*—"*Bon soir, monsieur le President,*" returned Louis Napoleon (according to him the title of which Dupin was—and justly, proud)—"*mais J'ai quelque chose a vous dire. Je vous prie—d'attendez un moment.*" ("But—I beg your pardon—I have something to say to you, and beg you to wait one moment.")

Dupin could not refuse compliance, but acquiesced in the Prince's desire with a sufficiently bad grace. Having waited twenty minutes, he approached the Prince, who that night appeared more amiable than ever he had appeared before, and (which was quite new to him) in high spirits. "Prince," Dupin began, "*Mon ami*—remain a moment longer, I have something interesting for your private ear," (and he spoke truly.) Dupin bit his lips, and, with much *hauteur*, drew back. Twenty minutes more elapsed, the eyes of Louis Napoleon and De Morny (who was one of the very few in the secret) [illegible] split their sides at the contortions of the lawyer. It was now three quarters past eleven o'clock, and Dupin, almost furious with impatience, the *salon* having become almost empty, again advanced towards Louis Napoleon with an air and gesture of determination, which the latter saw clearly could not be parried, and flew to meet him, and anticipate the burst of impatience which Dupin was about to indulge in. "M. Dupin," he said, now gravely, "you will presently see that it was to make no trifling communication that I have taken the liberty to detain you," and led him into a small drawing-room, a dependence of the great *salon*. Having entered, he closed the door carefully, at which proceeding De Morny, who remained in the *salon*, was observed to be almost unable to suppress a laugh. "M. Dupin," said the Prince, addressing his guest, "favor me with your opinion on this point," and he commenced a voluble rhapsody, stopping at every sentence to ask, "Do you see?" "Is that not important?" and a hundred other interrogatories.

The bewildered, and now irritated Dupin found at length an opportunity to say,

"But, Prince, I do not understand a word you are saying; is it a mystification?"

"Oh, M. Dupin! Do you think me capable of trifling with you?"

"I can't say. You intrigue me. I do not see what you are driving at. I beg pardon"—for the Prince looked serious.

"I mean that I do not comprehend you. I must and, excuse me, *I will* retire. My family expect me.'

The clock struck twelve, and Louis Napoleon said to him with his natural quiet impressiveness and gravity:

"M. DUPIN YOU SLEEP HERE TO-NIGHT."

"Me." roared the President of the Assembly.

"Yes. A chamber is prepared for you."

"Prince! Are you mad?"

"No You must pass the night here."

"Me!" exclaimed Dupin—this time a little alarmed by the placid resolved deportment of the Prince. "Me. My family—"

"Are aware that for certain reasons of State, you will pass the night here? Madame Dupin knew that at eleven o'clock, and has retired to rest."

"Then, Prince, I am a prisoner!"

"Pray do not call it so. *You* are only yielding a little point to the Chief of the State."

"But I am President of the National Assembly. I will not be thus treated. I demand to be allowed to depart, and to-morrow I will state to the Assembly the treatment experienced by its President at your hands," and he raised his voice.

"Do to-morrow all the may seem meet to you. At present—and and then, TO REMAIN HERE. Remonstrance is thrice useless. You must stay, and you must—I pains me to be so peremptory—you must submit, cannot silence. I make at this instant my *coup d'etat* at the idea of which you and your friends have indulged in so much mirth."

Dupin started: looked aghast, and exclaimed, "I PROTEST!"

"Light M. Dupin to his chamber," said Louis Napoleon, throwing open the door (the now vacant *salon*, and addressing an attendant. Then wishing his compelled guest "good-night," he threw a cloak over his shoulder and left the Elysee, to meet Canrobert, and see that all his friends were at their respective posts.

M. Dupin was allowed to return home a day or two afterwards, but remained for nearly six years in a high state of indignation and disaffection; and until the other day when the Emperor named him the successor of M. Abbatucci, as President of the Court of Cassation, the supreme legal appointment in France. Dupin accepted it, and abandoned the Orleans family.

IMPROVISING A THUNDER SHOWER.

Among the letters of correspondents which Prof. Espy publishes in his Fourth Meteorological Report, to sustain his theory of causing rain by means of fires, is one from a gentleman who in 1845 was engaged in surveying on the Atlantic coast of Florida. During some oppressively hot weather in April, the surveying party had occasion one day to run their line through a "sawgrass pond," of some five hundred acres. In ponds of this description the green grass at the top shoots up from five to six feet in height, and when the region has not been for some years swept by fires, the dead and dry growths of preceding seasons accumulate to the depth of two to four feet. They are exceedingly inflammable, and, when lighted, burn with great rapidity.

It was usual, on meeting with such an obstruction as this, in running the lines, to cut down the top fresh grass and wade or wallow through the mud and the under rubbish. On this occasion, however, the heat was so great that it was determined to burn a passage through to save trouble. It was accordingly done, and soon after a delightful breeze sprung up and cooled the atmosphere, and presently a refreshing shower sparkled in the rays of the sun. This circumstance excited no particular attention at the time, but it subsequently brought Professor Espy's theory to the mind of Capt. Mackay, one of the party. Not long after, on an exceedingly sultry day, a still more formidable grass pond was met with, and in order to test the theory and astonish the negroes who served the party, it was decided to set fire to the grass. The writer continues:

"When our party were all gathered at the halting place, complaints of the extreme heat went round, and all agreed that a more confined and oppressive day had never been known to them. To these complaints the usual wishes for 'a little breath of air,' and 'a few drops of rain' succeeded. 'Cut through this pond,' exclaimed the captain, 'and I'll bring you more than a few drops of rain; I'll give you a plentiful shower, and a breeze, too, that shall wake you up. Come, boys, cut away, and when you've done you shall wash off the dust in a cold bath from the skies.' The negroes stared up and around; not a cloud as large as a man's hand was to be seen, and they looked back at the captain with a good natured grin of incredulity. 'Ho, ho! ha, ha! captain make cloud out o' nuffin; he, he! captain bring water all dis way from de sea! Ho, ho! ha, ha! he, he!' Whereupon the captain affected to be very indignant. To hasten his victory, I ordered the grass to be set on fire. The flames soared forthwith above the tallest trees; a dense volume of smoke mounted upward spirally; the grass soon disappeared; we crossed over. As the smoky column broke, and the cloud began to form, the captain traced a large circle in the sand around him, and placed himself in its centre, making fantastic figures and forming cabalistic phrases out of broken French: still was the cloud unnoticed.

"All eyes were riveted upon the captain who stood gazing upon the earth, and shaping outlines of devils there. At this juncture came a roll of distant thunder; every glance instantly turned upward; a cloud was spreading there; the thunders increased; the lightnings flashed more vividly; the knees of the negroes shook together with alarm; already was the rain descending, and in torrents, though the clear sky could be seen in all directions under the cloud. The captain, meanwhile maintained his mystical attitude, and continued his wild and extraordinary evolutions. Some of the whites who were in the secret of the hoax fell upon their knees and were imitated by the negroes, whose fears augmenting as the storm grew fiercer, with clasped hands fastened upon the captain a stare of awe and deprecation. In short, the scene presented a more complete triumph of philosophy over ignorance than I could have supposed it possible to have been produced anywhere in the 19th century, and most especially anywhere in our enlightened republic."

TOAD-WORSHIP.—The practice, which seems so unaccountable, if it be once seriously thought upon, of worshiping some of the lower animals, was not unknown on the coast of Cumana, and their treatment of toads may be mentioned as a ludicrous instance of that kind of superstition. They held the toad to be, as they said, "the lord of the waters," and therefore they were very compassionate with it, and dreaded by any accident to kill a toad; though, as has been found the case with other idolators, they were ready in times of difficulty, to compel a favorable hearing from their pretended deities, for they were known to keep these toads with care and an earthen vessel, and to whip them with little switches when there was a scarcity of provisions and a want of rain. Another superstition worthy of note was, that when they hunted down any game, before killing it, they were wont to open its mouth and introduce some drops of maize-wine, in order that its soul, which they judged to be the same as that of men, might give notice to the rest of its species of the good entertainment which it had met with, and thus lead them to think that if they came too, they would participate in this kindly treatment.—*Helps's Spanish Conquest in America.*

HISTORY IN WORDS.—The history of words is the history of trade and commerce. Our very apparel is a dictionary. We are told of the "bayonet," that it was first made in Bayonne; "cambrics," that they came from Cambray; "damask," from Damascus; "arras," from the city of the same name; "cordwine," or "cordovon," from Cordova; "currants," from Corinth; the "guinea," that it was originally coined of gold brought from the African coast so called; "camlet," that it was woven, at least, in part of camel's hair. Such has been the manufacturing progress, that we now and then send calicoes and muslins to India and the East, and yet the words give standing witness that we once imported these from thence; for "calico" is from Calcut, and "muslin" is from Mousul, a city in Asiatic Turkey.

☞ It has been remarked that the gallows was an institution for the *elevation* of mankind.

THE VIKING'S BRIDE.

On the golden cushions lying, where the woven silks are vying
With her cheeks and tresses bright,
Graceful as a lily tender, couched in waves with sunset splendor,
All alight,
Is the fair and gentle bride,
Rosebud lipped and violet-eyed.

Fresh, oh! fresh as spring's first blossom, naked, new born at earth's bosom,
She doth seem,
Strangely sweet as rich plants blooming, mystic, magic groves perfuming
In a dream,
When the dewsy brain doth ravel
Haunting tales of wondrous travel.

Should you look at her for hours you should think of nought but flowers,
Nothing else,
You might fancy every parting breath would set sweet life upstarting,
Buds and bells;
Only earthly doth she seem,
In that she is like to them.

STEWART LOCKYER.

KENILWORTH AND THE EARL OF LEICESTER.

Sir Walter Scott has fabricated, with such consummate art, a circumstantial narrative of Leicester's guilt, that we doubt whether any arguments will ever remove the impression of him as a murderer and the murderer of his wife, from the minds of sentimental novel readers. But we will not hesitate to declare, that if the case had been submitted to Sir Walter as a criminal lawyer, with all the evidence that has ever been adduced, he must have dismissed the Earl, if not acquitted absolutely, at least with the Scotch verdict of "not proven." The story of "Kenilworth," as Sir Walter tells it, is altogether a bold and unsparing falsification of the recorded facts of history. The unfortunate heroine, Amy Robsart, was not united to Leicester by a concealed marriage. She was married to him on the 4th of June, 1550, at the royal residence of Richmond, in the presence of King Edward VI., whose journal mentions the fact, and describes the festivities of the occasion. She lived with him ten years, with all due honor, as the Lady Dudley, and died at Cumnor-place, by an accidental fall down stairs, as was alleged by her household, on the 8th of September, 1560. This was fifteen years before the Queen's famous visit to Kenilworth Castle. In the meantime—namely, in 1582, twelve years after the death of Amy, Leicester had married a second wife, Lady Sheffield. Yet Sir Walter Scott, who affects to fix the date of his romance with some precision, "in the eighteenth year of Queen Elizabeth"—that is, in 1575—has represented poor Amy as the obstacle to Leicester's ambitious hopes, at the time when he entertained Elizabeth at Kenilworth. Now, we should not object to this, if it were merely the avowed license of a novelist. But Sir Walter would confirm us in the error, by the manner in which he states, in his introduction (no part of the novel, nor entitled to the same license as a fictitious narrative may claim,) that "the interest of the story is thrown upon that period when the sudden death of the first Countess of Leicester seemed to open to the ambition of her husband the opportunity of sharing the crown of his sovereign." That period never occurred; for Amy never was Countess of Leicester at all. Her husband, Lord Robert Dudley, was created Earl of Leicester on the 29th of September, 1563, which was three years after she died.

WHY WE HAVE NO THUNDER IN THE WINTER.—Professor Espy, in his fourth Meteorological Report, thus explains why we have no thunder in the winter:

"If it is asked why we have no thunder in the winter, though the tops of the storm clouds rise even in this season to a region where the air is at least considerably charged with electricity, perhaps the answer may be found in this—that the storm clouds in the winter are of great extent, and of course the tension of the electricity, being extended over a very large surface, is very feeble; and the substance of the cloud being itself framed out of vapor much less dense than that of summer clouds, this tension may not be able to strike from one particle of the cloud to the next adjacent one; no general discharge can take place. Besides, even in the winter, during a very warm spell of weather, with a high dew point for the season, we sometimes have a violent thunder storm from a cloud of very limited horizontal extent, *as the thunder clouds always are in the summer.* Such a cloud is in reality an insulated pillar of hot air, mingled with condensed vapor, having just given out into the air itself its latent caloric, causing the air at the top of this cloud, in many cases, to be 60 degrees warmer at its top than the air on the outside at the same level."

CROOKED ENOUGH.—Speaking of the Rio Grande, a writer says:—"Imagine one of the crookedest things in the world, then imagine four more twice as crooked, and imagine to yourself a large river three times as crooked as all these put together, and you have a faint idea of the crooked disposition of this crooked river. There is no drift-wood in it, from the fact that it is so crooked that timber cannot find its way far down enough to lodge two sticks together; but few snakes, because it is not straight enough to swim in; and the fish are all in whirlpools in the bends, because they cannot find their way out. Birds frequently attempt to fly across the river, but light on the same side they start from—being deceived by the crook. Indeed, you may be deceived when you think you see across it; and some of the b'hoys say it is so twisting there is but one side to it.

A FAMILY SUPPORTED BY EAGLES.—Luckombe, in his "Tour Through Ireland in 1779," says—"In most of these mountains (the Mac Gillycuddy's Reeks of Kerry) are numbers of eagles and other rapacious birds. I have been assured, that some years ago a certain poor man in that part of the country, discovered one of their nests, and that by clipping the wings of the eaglets, and fixing collars of leather about their throats, which prevented them from swallowing, he daily found a store of good provisions in the nest, such as various kinds of excellent fish, wild fowl, rabbits, and hares, which the old ones constantly brought to their young. And thus the man and his children were well supported during the hard summer, by only giving the garbage to the eagles to keep them alive."

☞ A father and son, Anthony and Thomas Screw, escaped from jail recently. There are two screws loose.

OLD LETTERS.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Cause they from manor or from mint,
Cast them in, for the fire is faint,
The fire is faint, and the frost is strong.
And these old letters have lived too long—
How welcome once it matters not,
Their worth away with time has sped,
The love is over, the hope is dead,
And the old friend has forgot.

Cast them in, they're hard to keep
And will not let one's memory sleep.
For hints of age, and tales of change—
Oh, but the turns of life are strange—
The world whereof they speak is gone—
How bright they came, and how dim they part,
These passing ages of the heart,
While life and we wear on.

Cast them in, why should they last,
When the light we read them by is past
And never again will gild our days?—
Up like a banner goes the blaze—
It is waste paper and nothing more—
Some have been treasured up for years,
Some are blotted with heavy tears,
And some our dreams read o'er;

Them are sprinkled with many a vow,
The love was never so warm as now—
Those by a trusty hand were penned—
Woe is me for that friendship's end—
There goes a page of boyish rhyme—
That was a sheet of good advice—
We took our own way on the ice
And learned the worth of it all in time.

One glossy curl of wavy gold
Was hid in this burning letter's fold—
'Tis long since that golden head grew gray,
And the grave where it rests is far away!—
Up in its bright the broad flame flashes—
And there they lie, in what all our aims,
Seekings and striving, hopes and schemes,
Must come to—dust and ashes!

Original Novelet.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A Historical Romance

OF

FRANCE AND THE SWISS CANTONS.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE RE-UNION.

Several years have elapsed since the Count de Varens set out upon his fatal mission. During that period many events have transpired, important to our narrative, which the pressing exigencies of time and space allow us merely to glance at. Let us narrate them as far as possible in their natural sequence, and then press on toward the conclusion of our already somewhat protracted story.

Merindat was not wounded to the death. He recovered from his grievous hurt—thanks to the care of the old man whom he had protected—but nevertheless found himself compelled to enlist under the banner of the Breton lord, to whom the villagers were indebted for their escape from the further ravages of the Free Companions. Arrived at the Breton's castle, it became his duty to act first as guard, and afterwards as jailor of that dupe of the French King, Count de Varens—removed to the dungeons of ——— Castle for safe keeping and for punishment.

Months of cruel confinement, deprived of air and sunshine and sufficient food, had changed De Varens as seldom man may change.

In the glare of the torch which, in his routine of examining the dungeon, Merindat held aloft, there appeared no longer the erect and defiant Gascon knight, with his cold, malignant smile, and cruel eye; but a withered bad bent figure, with garments tattered and dirty, hanging loosely round the shrunken limbs; with white air, matted and long, hanging over his shoulders; with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, and a look of utter prostration which robbed the beholder of any other feeling than pity for the wretch before him.

Merdat gazed at the abject captive, who lifted not his eyes from the floor where he crouched; but he made himself not known as one who had previously encountered him. When, however, a week's visitation discovered the unhappy knight ever the same degraded object, moving only to partake of food, or crawl the length of his chain, the mace-bearer felt his heart soften toward so forlorn a spectacle. He paused one day ere leaving the dungeon, and bending over the prisoner, whispered—

"Sir Godfrey de Varens! rememberest thou me?"

The wretched emissary of Louis looked up vacantly, as he heard the voice, his eyes dazzled by the light which Merindat carried.

"Who art thou?" he muttered feebly.

"I was he who came from the King to the castle of Varens, with the archer Antoine Lannois."

"Ah! the good Count James d'Armagnac! I betrayed him to death!" groaned the knight, recalling only his own treachery in that battle.

"I was the publican of St. Trou—Pierre Bart of the Blue Boar!" pursued Merindat, sending nearer to the captive.

"Away, fiend!" cried De Varens, covering his eyes! "She perished there—my daughter! 'twas my accursed hand that fired the pile! Oh, Margaret! Margaret! thou and thy murdered child are avenged!"

Merindat started back, appalled: for he was unprepared for the fearful self-accusation of De Varens; but presently recovering his self-possession, he said, solemnly—

"Godfrey de Varens, repent thy crimes! Thou hast a heavy weight of guilt upon thy soul!"

Then, turning with his torch from the cowering Prisoner, the gaoler left him to darkness and solitude. But his thoughts dwelt during the succeeding day and night upon the awful state of that despairing soul; and it was with satisfaction that he saw, on his next visit, that the knight was no longer lying prostrate upon his dungeon floor, but standing at his chain's length, and listening evidently in expectation of his coming.

"Ha!" muttered De Varens, peering upward, as his gaoler descended the stone staircase which led to the cell beneath, a damp and noisome place. "Thou art here again! didst say thou wert Pierre Bart, the publican of St. Trou?"

"I am he—who was scourged in the market-place of Liege, for a crime he committed not!"

"Ay! 'twas I who fired thy wretched inn!" cried De Varens, with something of his old bitter exultation. But presently his head sank upon his breast, and he groaned, "Woe is me! thou wert unjustly punished! but I—I am guilty of all crimes!"

"Of the murder of thy daughter?" cried Merindat, impelled by some strange impulse to probe the wretched malefactor's conscience.

"I murdered her! she perished in the vaults!" groaned De Varens.

"Of her innocent child, in the castle?"

"Oh, horror! 'twas the fault of Babette. Oh, no! I would not have harmed that child!"

"Unhappy man!" cried Merindat, as the knight sank upon the floor, pressing his forehead against the clammy stone. "Yet Heaven may have mercy on thee yet!"

"What mercy is there for the murderer—the betrayer of his guest. Prate not to me of mercy!"

"Hear me, Godfrey de Varens! publican and of low estate though I be—and thou knight of gentle blood! there may be mercy for the repentant soul! Listen to me while I assure thee of a great mercy already vouchsafed to thee! Thy daughter—the Lady Margaret—is not dead!"

The grovelling prisoner started to his feet with an exhibition of strength that Merindat did not look to behold. He grasped his gaoler's arm, and hoarsely demanded,

"Dost thou speak false?"

"It is true, Godfrey de Varens! Thy daughter still lives—in peace and security!"

The knight clasped his hands upon his forehead, his heavy chains clanging as he raised them. "That crime is, at least, not mine!" he muttered.

"Oh, Sir Godfrey! harden not thy heart! there is yet another mercy vouchsafed: for thy daughter's child, Angela, did not perish with thy castle. She, too, is in the Almighty's care!"

"Pierre Bart! I will curse thee with my dying breath, if thou darest to trifle with me!"

"I speak the truth, Godfrey de Varens! Would to God thou wouldst receive it with fitting spirit!"

"Let me alone! this is too much!" gasped the wretched captive; and Merindat saw that tears were slowly trickling down his pallid cheeks. He spoke to him no more therefore, but ascended the stone steps. When he had reached the topmost he looked down, lowering the torch, and saw that the knight was crouching upon the floor, with his head bowed in his hands.

Days passed on, and Merindat continued his daily visits to the captive, who by degrees grew strangely altered from the hard and selfish man he had been while at liberty. After a while, when his gaoler entered, the knight would be found on his knees, striving to shape his thoughts into prayer; yet, as often as the pitying mace-bearer sought to induce him to allow a priest to commune with him, a paroxysm of terror seemed to possess him, and in accents of despair he would cry out that no repentance could wash out the record of his ill-spent life.

"No, Pierre Bart!" the unhappy man would exclaim, "I am doomed to perdition—and there is no power to absolve me!"

"But there be mercy for the most foul sinner, if he truly repent, and forswear his evil life!" answered Merindat.

"There is none for me! I have sinned beyond forgiveness!" murmured De Varens.

"Yet thou wouldst not die without absolution and the consolations of our Holy Church!" cried Merindat, crossing himself with undoubting piety.

"I tell thee, Pierre Bart, it is vain for me to hope!"

"Nay, Sir Godfrey! remember the thief upon the tree! even he was forgiven!"

"Alas, his crimes were not as mine!" groaned the wretched malefactor.

Thus, for months, the gaoler and his prisoner were wont to converse—the simple-hearted Swiss seeking still to lead the knight's remorseful soul to trust in God's great mercy; but, constantly opposed by the prisoner's heart-sickening despair, he turned often in weariness from the task. But though little effect was apparent toward the softening of that obdurate spirit which for a lifetime had been warring with good and influenced only through superstitious bigotry, there was yet a secret channel wearing in the man's hard nature, which, imperceptible even to himself, steadily deepened the furrows of repentance. Nor was his continual effort for the behalf of the miserable knight of unimportant benefit to Merindat himself; since by degrees, his own heart began to dwell more intently upon the issues of life and death, and in striving to minister truth to the captive, he grew earnest in consideration of his own frailties, and sat in daily judgment upon all that he had done or contemplated.

But the damp air of his dungeon, and the remorse of his conscience, were too much for the enfeebled powers of De Varens. One morning when his gaoler entered, he saw the old man lying outstretched and rigid upon the cold floor of his cell! And this was the end of all his selfish and cruel schemings—a felon's death on a dungeon floor! Let us hope that his repentance, though late, had been sincere, and not in vain.

Merindat, soon after, was released from his enforced service by the death of the Breton count, and journeyed into Switzerland in order that he might bring the Lady Margaret to the Forest Lodge. But Switzerland at that period was convulsed with the efforts made to resist the assaults of the Duke of Burgundy—who had been incensed at the Swiss, in the first place, by the punishment meted out by them to his Governor de Hogenbach—and enraged afterwards beyond all endurance by the disastrous result of his first invasion of their territory.

Burning with the desire to avenge the defeat and disgrace of the battle of Granson, Charles summoned from far and near all the assistance he could muster for a new Swiss campaign. In an incredibly brief space he gathered a large army by recruits from his Flemish possessions, from England, Italy, Picardy, Burgundy, Artois, Liege, and Luxembourg. He took the churchbells from his cities, melted them, and cast new ordnance, wherewith, as his jester remarked, "to batter down the Alps." He levied contributions from his subjects, and large sums were raised to him by the Estates of Burgundy. At length he saw himself at the head of one hundred thousand men, whom he reviewed at Lausanne, in Savoy, exclaiming, as he saw them march before him, "We will now have a bloody vengeance."

During these preparations of Charles, the Swiss were not idle. The Bernese territory raised two thousand men, and placed at their head the brave Adrien de Bubenburg, who had formerly been an adherent of Charles in Berne, but now disgusted with the Duke's cruelty and ambition, arrayed himself on the side of freedom and the Swiss people. This brave man was sent to garrison Morat, and defend the approaches to the interior cantons. The confederates collected, moreover, thirty thousand mountaineers, citizens, artisans, and men of the old league, and called to their aid the young Duke René of Lorraine to shield his own dominions by protecting Switzerland from conquest. In the van of the various bands marched men of iron souls who feared not death, and mocked at the idea of submission. The right wing of the leagued cantons was led by Hans of Hallwyl, who cried to his followers that God would be their ally against a world in arms.

As at Granson the cantons came down with their respective leaders, under banners that had waved in triumph over ancient battle-fields. The awful trumpets of Uri and Underwalden brayed incessantly as the forest-men advanced—ten thousand mountaineers wielding the long, heavy pikes of their country, that in after-wars gave to the square battalions in which they formed for battle the expressive name of "bristlers."—These square bodies were eight ranks deep, ranging on four sides from the centre, and like the Roman phalanx, they were impregnable to assault. The pikes of the outer ranks were like boar-spears, the next were longer by the thickness of a man's body; and so on till the pikes of those in the eighth rank or centre were sixteen or seventeen feet. The blades of these pikes met together in front, and thus presented a solid wall of steel points, on which horse or foot would be impaled ere it could break to the centre.

Flanking the pikemen came halberdiers and detached spearmen, and skirting these were archers with the Alpine bows and arbalists. Other bodies of men-at-arms marched with two-handed swords which they wielded like scythes with shouting blows. With these mingled mace-bearers and those who were armed with axes; and last the arquebusiers, holding their guns upon their left arms, and blowing as they advanced upon their matches to keep them lighted.

The horsemen came last, ready, at all times to rush in sudden onset to turn the scale of conflict, or assist the spears at some critical juncture. Thus the Swiss people went down to the field of Morat.

The Swiss moved slowly at first till the signal was given to assault the Burgundian entrenchments; and then with fiery haste they dashed forward. To and fro for a space the battle surged, and twice the Swiss were forced to fall back under the dreadful fire of masked ordnance. But again and again they returned to the attack, the mountain-men advancing to their succor, and bearing their wall of pikes deep into the Burgundian ranks.

James du Mace, the Duke's standard-bearer, surrounded by a thousand horse, advanced with the main body of Burgundians; and no sooner were the outstretched flanks of the invading army turned by the mountain-pikemen, than the Swiss horse, to the number of four thousand, in squadrons of five hundred each, galloped amain to charge the centre of their enemies. Here the fight became deadly: for men in mail combatted their iron-clad equals, and the blows of curtal-axes and heavy swords crushed down upon helmets and shields, shivering splinters and sparks as from the anvils of smiths. Very soon ten thousand halberdiers from the forest-cantons pressed to the hills on either side to capture the desolating cannon, and while these men were thus engaged the men-at-arms and knights battled on the plain between.

Charles the Rash fought at the head of his household gentlemen and Italian knights. The great standard of Burgundy was the point at which all the Swiss centre drove constantly, and it was not long before its waving folds marked the spot where death was rioting.

As the banner disappeared before the last desperate charge, the Swiss raised a shout of triumph, and pressed forward upon the Italian knights who had been fighting around the Duke, but struck with a panic, they turned and galloped in a body from the field.

Charles shouted in vain to rally his dividing ranks. Only a few answered to his call, and advanced a short distance toward the recovery of their standard; but in a few moments the Duke, casting his eyes across the plain, beheld his entire army scattering in disorder, while the Swiss preserved their unbroken front. He smote in rage the nearest of his foes, and closing his teeth upon his lips till the blood streamed upon his beard, wheeled his steed, and followed the flying Italians toward the Lake of Morat.

But more terrible was the preparation made at the lake side to receive the Burgundians. The archers of Alsoba, who, after the pikemen had captured the Duke's cannon, were stationed behind them, seized the moment when the standard fell to pour in their deadly bolts upon the panic-stricken fugitives, whom they followed closely toward the water. At the same moment the garrison of Morat, led by Adrian de Bubenberg, opened the town gates, and sallied furiously upon the broken ranks of their foes. Now, indeed, the battle became a rout and a massacre; for the Burgundians, casting aside their weapons, thought only of escaping from the fatal field; and in the close pursuit that ensued, they fell like slaughtered cattle in the shambles. "No quarter!" cried the infuriated Swiss; and the cry was echoed by shouts of "Remember Granson!" "Drive the tyrants into the lake!"

Into the lake, indeed, they were driven; and the victors, not content with dealing death from the shore, with bows and arquebuses, launched their boats upon the water, and, as the Burgundians strove to swim their steeds, surrounded and smote them with axes and swords, till they sank, drowning by scores and hundreds.

Charles himself undistinguished in the melee, arrived soon in the midst of his routed thousands at the lake side. He saw his Italians pause, bewildered, and then sink with scarce a defensive blow, till all were lying on the shore; he beheld the waters red with blood, and heard the shrieks of drowning thousands; and then, knowing that all was lost, spurred toward the lake, skirting its margin for several miles till he reached a point beyond the boats, and beheld a clear expanse which his horse might undertake to swim. But here an enemy withstood him. A man, a stalwart figure, mounted on a strong steed, and brandishing a heavy iron mace, presented himself suddenly before him, and cried, in a voice of stern distinctness,

"Charles of Burgundy, we meet again!"

It was Pierre Bart, who, arriving upon that day in the Swiss camp, had fought in the ranks of the macemen, unknown to any of the Swiss, save as one whose massy weapon opened paths for his comrades through the battle field. He had marked the fall of Burgundy's banner, and the flight of Charles himself, and then, keeping his eyes upon the Duke, sprang from the field at once, and, by a short turn, reached the lake side in advance of the fugitive.

"Charles of Burgundy, we meet again!" As he uttered these words, Merindat dealt a sweeping stroke upon the right arm of Charles, which held his naked sword, and the blade flew, shattered, into the lake. "Now, Prince!" cried the mace-bearer, fixing his stern eye upon the Burgundian, "thou art in the power of the peasant!"

The steed which bore the Duke had reeled backward, stunned by the violent blow which left his rider weaponless. The Duke sprang from the saddle as his steed fell, thus escaping a personal overthrow, but he had hardly released his foot from the stirrups, ere Pierre Bart, dismounting likewise, curbed his strong steed with his left hand, whilst the right raised his mace, as if for another stroke.

Charles of Burgundy saw, but, inflamed by anger, recked not of his unarmed position. "Slave!" he shouted, in a hoarse tone, "away from my path, ere I slay thee!" He drew a poniard from his belt as he spoke; but the mace-bearer smiled grimly.

"Peace, Duke!" he said, "thou canst not pass, till I have said what I would say. Now, hear what concerneth thee! Thy days are numbered, and the hands of thy trusted servants are armed for thy murder. Go, now, Duke Charles! Pierre Bart, the scourged publican, gives thee thy wretched life—for a little while, till the daggers now sharpened shall find sheath in thy heart; for there be those in thy own host who have sworn that Burgundy shall never greet her returning tyrant."

Having said these words in a grave, earnest tone, while Charles, with lowering brow but trembling lip, listened to the last, Pierre Bart flung the bridle of his own steed to his discomfited enemy. The Prince drew back, surprised at the action; but the Swiss stepped slowly aside, and lowering his mace to the ground, pointed silently toward the river. Charles needed no other hint, but, springing at once to the saddle, plunged into the lake, and Pierre Bart watched him breasting the current till horse and man had gained the opposite shore.

Meantime, the battle, or massacre of Morat, went on with augmented horrors; for the watchword of "No quarter!" was literally obeyed by the exasperated leaguers. "Cruel as Morat," became afterwards a common comparison among the people of the cantons; for, on that bloody day, eighteen thousand of the Burgundian host were slain on shore and water; and Duke Charles le Temeraire survived only to die by the hands of assassins at the rout of Nancy.

What more we have to tell will be easily surmised by the reader. Merindat—to whom we may now restore his old name of Pierre Bart—journeyed with the Lady Margaret to seek her long-lost daughter at the Forest Lodge. Attacked, when nearly at the end of their journey, by outlaws—a class whom the disorders of the times engendered in great numbers—they would have fallen victims, had it not been for the sudden appearance of a knight in their hour of utmost need, whose "complete steel" and vigorous blows soon put their cowardly assailants to flight. One glance at the brown armor of the knight, caused Pierre Bart to recognize the Knight of the Cross, the valiant defender of Beauvois. But before he had time to thank their deliverer, the latter glanced at the face of the Lady Margaret, and threw himself from his horse, exclaiming,

"Margaret de Varens! Dost thou not remember me?"

He flung his casque from his head as he spoke, and knelt with bared brow beside the lady, who gazed at him with straining glance, and then murmured,

"Armand, my husband! Armand!"

"It is I! Margaret, 'tis Armand!" whispered the knight, as he clasped the lady in his arms, and kissed her pallid cheek.

"Almighty Father!" gasped the wife, as the lineaments of her long-lost husband began to break fully upon her memory, through the changes of time, "is it indeed my Armand—my husband!"

She leaned her head upon his breast, and, like a child, wept with overpowering thankfulness.

Together they proceeded speedily to the Forest Lodge. Angela and Alphonse were under the trees before the door—the latter just returned from a long tour of duty, on which he had accompanied him who had proved their noble and disinterested benefactor, Sir James de Grosset.

The maiden at once sprang forward joyfully, as she recognized the face of the brown knight—who was the foremost of the little party.

"Father Robert! Father Robert!" cried she.

"It is I, my child! though no longer a father of the Church,' replied the knight, folding the maiden to his breast. "For years I have wept thee as lost—but I now hold thee in my arms."

"Father Robert!—dear, dear Father Robert!" was all that Angela could utter, as she clung to her old friend, the friar of Castle Varens.

"But, Angela, we forget," said the brown knight, unclasping her clinging arms. "Child," exclaimed he, solemnly, turning to where the Lady Margaret stood, all pale and breathless, "behold thy mother!"

Lady Margaret sprang forward with a wild shriek, and clasped her long-lost child in her arms—while the maiden first looked wonderingly in her face, and then burst into blissful tears, murmuring,

"Too happy! too happy!"

A moment, and she was caught again to the knight's embrace, as he whispered, softly,

"Yes, Angela, she is thy mother; thou art our blessed child—long lost, but now found!"

"And who is this?" said the maiden, glancing towards Alphonse, as if he too might be declared to be some other than he had appeared.

Alphonse sprang forward, and flung himself at the feet of his mistress, the Lady Margaret. The latter spoke not, but glanced at the deep mantling blush on her daughter's face, and softly smoothed with her hand his waving hair. And he felt that henceforth he was to be the loyal knight of one who long had been the mistress of his youthful heart.

"It is well," said the brown knight; "the wars are over, the lost are found, the divided are united. A few hours rest here at this forest lodge, and then we journey on."

"Whither, Armand?" said the Lady Margaret, with some anxiety.

"The King," replied the knight gravely, "hath been pleased to bestow upon me for service rendered in these struggles now ended, a gift of broad estates in that Gascony where thou and I, Margaret, were once young. Thither we journey, and there in our own chateau happy years await us. Let the past and present be there reconciled in these, our children."

He turned as he spoke, with a grave smile lighting up his bronzed and bearded visage, toward Alphonse and Angela who stood together, their youthful figures shining in a soft flood of sunlight which poured down through a rift in the green branches above them, and which rested on them alone.

"Thou, too, brave Pierre, must bide on with us," resumed the knight, putting his hand on the broad shoulder of the former publican; "come—I will make thee seneschal of my castle, and thou shalt not say me nay."

"Be it so, my lord," replied Pierre Bart, his strong voice faltering—"I would not that any word of mine should take me utterly from this fair child whom I have loved and cherished for these many years."

Angela threw her arms around the speaker, and buried her face for a moment in his faithful bosom. Then disengaging herself, with a smile glittering in the happy tears on her fair countenance, she said suddenly—

"We forget—see, ere ye came, there were travellers here from Switzerland—leal and tried friends." She flew to the door of the lodge, which she opened, and beckoned to those within. Presently two figures appeared on the threshold—one broad and burly, one thin and aged—honest Simon Gütt, and good Maitre Jean. Pierre Bart rushed forward with a great shout, and embraced them. A confusion of greetings and explanations followed. The knight warmly welcomed the new comers, upon briefly learning the relation they had borne to him and his, and it was settled that their future place should be at his chateau.

All being ended, the group disappeared within the lodge, from which their happy voices and laughter came softened into the forest silence. Night fell, and the deep shadows and the calm stars brooded over their sweet and reconciled repose.

The next morning at sunrise, when all the woods rang with the songs of birds, and the air was filled with light and odor, the cheerful party, well mounted and arrayed, set out on the road to Gascony. THE END.

LIVING.

(AFTER A DEATH.)

"That friend of mine who lives in God."
—*In Memoriam.*

Oh, live!
(Thus, seems it, we should say to our beloved,
Held by so slender chain, so oft removed),
And I can let thee go to the world's end,
All precious names, companion, love, spouse, friend,
Seal up in an eternal silence gray,
Like a closed grave till resurrection day:
All sweet remembrances, hopes, dreams, desires,
Heap, as one heaps up sacrificial fires,
Then turning, consecrate by loss, and proud
Of penury, go back into the loud
Tumultuous world again, with never a moan—
Save that which whispers still, "My own, my own!"
Unto the self-same sky whose arch immense
Enfolds us both, like the arm of Providence;
Contentedly, can either live or die
With never clasp of hand or meeting eye
On this side Paradise. While thee I see
Living to God, thou art alive to me.

Oh, live!
And I, methinks, can let all dear rights go,
Sweet duties melt away like summer snow;
Nay, sometimes seems it I could even bear
To lay down humbly this love-crown I wear,
Steal from my palace, weak, dethroned, poor,
And see another queen it at the door—
If only that the king had done no wrong;
If this my palace where I dwelt so long
Were not defiled by falsehood entering in;
There is no loss but change, no death but sin,
No parting, save the slow corrupting pain
Of murdered faith that never lives again.

Oh, live!
(So endeth faint the low pathetic cry
Of love which, through death, learns, Love cannot die),
And I can stand above the daisy bed,
The only pillow for thy dearest head:
There cover up forever from my sight
My own, my own—my all of earth-delight:
And enter the dim cave of widowed years,
Where far, far off, the trembling gleam appears
Through which thy heavenly figure slipped away,
And waits to meet me at the open day.
Only to me, my love, only to me,
This cavern underneath the moaning sea;
Thou will be safe out towards the happy shore:
He who in God lives, liveth evermore.

PASSION AND THE HUMAN BODY.—Since the Levite cut up his dead concubine in twelve pieces, and distributed her among the tribes (see book of Judges), there have been murders in which it has been found a difficult matter to dispose of the human body. It seems a very simple thing to kill a man, and the murderer, when he gives the stroke, sees the five or six feet height of his victim in a diminishing glass. A blow or two, or a bullet or two, and the poor breath is gone; but then a little difficulty occurs. What to do with the body? So much of it! So many stone weight! So long and so broad! And so excellently adapted to appeal to the senses, and say to the eyes or the nose, "Here are portions of what was once a man; look into this matter!"

I wonder was an undertaker ever a murderer? Perhaps his professional knowledge of what a stubborn fact a corpse is, might have some deterring influence on his mind.

The subject is one in which it is hard to draw the line between the serious and ludicrous.

Perhaps love and hate both tend for the moment to reduce the size of their object. It is not easy to get at the precise sensations of a murderer, at the climax of his rage, towards the visible, tangible body of his victim; but those of a lover are more accessible. I have no desire to make the reader laugh here; and if he be intelligent, he will only smile; but I believe it to be the experience of every lover that the first time he puts his arm round his beloved, and draws her on his knee for a chat, he finds there is more of her than he expected.—*Anon.*

"DARK DEEDS" OF INDIA.

A recent writer gives the following account of something that fell under his personal notice in India:—

Our conversation was here interrupted by a gardener, who presented the Rajah and myself, respectively, with a nosegay; and who volunteered the information, that some workmen, in digging the foundation for a vine-trellis, had come upon an old house under the earth, and in it had been found several gold and silver coins.

"Where?" asked the Rajah.

"There!" said the gardener, pointing in the direction.

We hurried to the spot, and found that the workmen had gone; but sure enough, there were the walls of an apartment, formed of red stone and white marble.

"This quarter of Agra," said the Rajah to me, "was formerly inhabited by persons of the highest rank. Where we are now standing, was, no doubt, once the site of a palace; and these walls are those of the ty-khana—a vault beneath the dwelling from which the light is excluded. In these dark places are usually perpetrated what you English call 'dark deeds.'"

I expressed a desire to explore this newly-discovered apartment of former days; but the Rajah told me it was then too late, as the workmen had gone; but he promised me that if I would come to him at daylight, on the following morning, he would have great pleasure in gratifying my curiosity.

On the following morning, having spent a very dreamy night, I was carried in my palanquin to the Jatnee Bagh. Such was the name of the Jooteeperasad's garden-house, in which Lall Singh then resided. The Maharajah was dressing. I was confronted by a Seik with an enormous beard, whose hair was a yard long, and tied up in a peculiar knot on the top of his head, and who politely inquired if I would take coffee. Ere long the Rajah made his appearance, and we went together to the newly-discovered ty-khana, which was now guarded, since gold and silver had been found there. The workmen, some twenty in number, came and commenced their labor; that of clearing away the earth in all directions, in order to get to the bottom of the apartment in the ty-khana. This was accomplished in about two hours, and we then stood upon a stone floor in the centre of a room about sixteen feet square. In several of the niches were little lamps, such as are burnt on the tombs of Moslems, and a hookah and a pair of marble chairs were found in this subterraneous apartment; of which the sky was now the roof. Whilst examining the walls, I observed that, upon one side, there was a ledge about six feet high from the floor, (and carried up therefrom) and about a foot in width. This ledge, which was of brick and plaster, resembled a huge mantel-piece, and was continued from one end of the apartment to the other. I asked the Rajah the reason of such a structure in the apartment. He replied that he did not know, nor could any of the workmen account for it; one of whom, however, took a pick-axe and dug out a portion, when, to my surprise and horror, I discovered that in this wall a human being had been bricked up. The skin was still upon the bones, which were covered with a costly dress of white muslin, spangled all over with gold; around the neck was a string of pearls; on the wrists and ankles were gold bangles, and on the feet were a pair of slippers, embroidered all over with silver wire or thread; such slippers as only Mahommedan women of rank or wealth can afford to wear. The body resembled a well-preserved mummy. The features were very distinct, and were those of a woman whose age could not, at the time of her death, have exceeded eighteen or nineteen years. The head was partially covered with the white dress. Long black hair was still clinging to the scalp, and was parted across the forehead and carried behind the ears. It was the most horrible and ghastly figure that I ever beheld.

The workmen appeared to take this discovery as a matter of course; or rather to regard it only with reference to the gold and silver ornaments upon the skeleton, and it was with great difficulty that I could prevent their stripping it forthwith. As for the Rajah, he simply smiled, and coolly remarked:

"A case of jealousy. Her husband was jealous of her, and thought her guilty, and punished her thus,—bricked her up alive in this wall, with no room to move about, only standing room. Perhaps she deserved it,—perhaps she was plotting against his life; perhaps she was innocent. Who can say? Hindoos as well as Mahommedans punish their wives in that way."

"You mean that they used to do so in former times, previous to British rule in India. But such a thing could not occur in our time."

"It does not occur so often as it did; but it does occur, sometimes, even in these days. How do you know what happens in the establishment of a wealthy native? Let us look a little further into the wall. It strikes me that we shall find some more of them."

Orders were given accordingly to the workmen to remove, with great care, the whole of the ledge, in short, to pull away its entire face. This was done; and how shall I describe the awful spectacle then presented? In that wall there were no less than five bodies—four besides that already alluded to. One of the number was a young man, who from his dress and the jewels on his finger-bones, must have been a person of high rank; perhaps the lover of one or both, of the young women: for he had been bricked up between two of them. The others were evidently those of confidential servants; old women, for they had gray hair. They possibly had been cognizant, or were supposed to be cognizant, of whatever offence the others had been doomed guilty.

The sun was now shining brightly on these ghastly remains, covered with garments embroidered in gold and silver. The air had a speedy effect on them, and, one by one, they fell; each forming a heap of bones, hair, shrivelled skin, dust, jewels, and finery. The latter were now gathered up, placed in a small basket, and sent to the Lallah. Their value, possibly, was upwards of a thousand pounds. How many years had passed since that horrible sentence had been put into execution? Not less than one hundred and seventy, or perhaps two hundred.

☞ The more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour glass, the more it shows us that her sands of life are running out.

CONGRESSIONAL.

THE ARMY BILL.

THE KANSAS AND UTAH QUESTIONS.

SENATE.

On the 25th, the Chair presented a communication from the Secretary of War, giving the number of troops stationed in Kansas for each quarter, from the 1st of January, 1855, to the present time.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, submitted a report in relation to Central American affairs.

The report reviews the whole case at length, and says in conclusion.

The law of 1794, equally with that of 1818, was founded on the wise policy to preserve the peace of the country and maintain amity and amicable relations with foreign States. It denounces its penalties only against those, whether citizens or foreigners, who, while within its jurisdiction abuse the protection and hospitalities of the laws, by secret and unlawful practices to wage piratical war against nations with whom we are at peace, and in most cases dishonoring the American flag, used for the purpose of shielding them in transportation. Were such things tolerated, it would be to commit the peace of the country to every restless and turbulent adventurer, who, unequal to or disdainful of the sober toils of peace, could find food for his ambition only in the license of the carnage, the rapine and the ravages of war. It would take the affairs of government in our foreign intercourse at least from the hands of those to whom they are committed by the Constitution and laws, and leave them under the control or at the pleasure of unknown or irresponsible agencies.

The report concludes with the following resolutions:

First. Resolved, That no further provisions of law are necessary to confer authority on the President to cause arrests and seizures to be made on the high seas for offences committed against the neutrality law of 1818; the committee find that such power is necessarily implied by the terms of the 6th section of that act.

Second. Resolved, That the place where William Walker and his followers were arrested being without the jurisdiction of the United States, their arrest was without warrant of law, but in view of the circumstances attending it, and its result in taking away from the territory and State in amity with the United States, American citizens who were there with a hostile intent, it may not call for further censure than as it might hereafter be drawn into a precedent if suffered to pass without remark.

The committee, inasmuch as the neutrality law may be made more efficient by some proper provision for bringing offenders against it to trial, who, after arrest at sea, are brought back to the United States, report a bill making it the duty of the commanding officer, making such arrests, to bring or send the offenders, together with the cargo of the expedition, to that port from whence they started or where the clearance was obtained, to be surrendered to the Collector, to be dealt with according to law. It is made the duty of the Collector to give immediate notice to the District Attorney and Marshal of their presence, together with the facts and circumstances which led to their arrest; and it shall be the duty of these officers to institute proceedings against them

The subject was made the special order for the 9th of February.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, as a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations, dissented from the report.

Mr. Foote, of Vermont, also of the committee, expressed his full concurrence in the general principles and propositions laid down in the report, but in so far as the report, either in express terms, or implication, imputed blame to Com. Paulding, he entirely dissented from it.

Mr. Pearce, of Maryland, expressed his concurrence in the report.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, called up the bill to increase the military establishment, which had been made the special order to-day, at 12½ o'clock.

After some remarks by Senators Fessenden, Davis, &c., further debate, on motion of Mr. Wilson, of Mass., on the Army Bill, was postponed.

Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, from the Committee on the Judiciary, submitted a minority report on the contested seats of Messrs. Bright and Fitch, Senators from Indiana.

Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, addressed the Senate on Kansas affairs. He said he might have submitted the remarks he intended to make, on the bill proposed by Mr. Davis, with as much pertinency as the large majority of speeches are made before the Senate, because he supposed the leading reason for the passage of the bill to increase the army, was to enable the President to enforce the Lecompton Constitution. There could be no other special reason for an increase at this particular time. In alluding to the harmonious professions made by some sections of the Democratic party, of attachment to the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, he remarked that the President and those who agree with him, express their attachment to it, on the ground that it advocates non-intervention, while the opposite faction laud it for the reason that it declares the people shall be left perfectly free to form and regulate their institutions in their own way. While thus perfectly agreeing in their approbation of that bill, there was a vast difference in the measures they propose. To carry out the views of the President, would be, by act of Congress, to secure the organization of a Slave State on free soil. But to adopt the views of the Senator from Illinois, (Mr. Douglas,) and those who agree with him, would be to secure the organization of a Free State within the same limits, just as certainly as if Congress should re-enact that neither slavery or involuntary servitude shall again exist north of 36 30. To submit that question to the fair vote of the people would be to annihilate slavery without ceremony; for it was known in advance that the people of the territory, by a large majority, were opposed to the existence of slavery. In the course of his remarks he spoke of the influence of the slave power on the government employees in Washington, remarking that none could express sentiments in accordance with the northern sentiment without sacrificing their official positions. This power had also influenced business men and the learned professions. If a physician were called on to tie up the bleeding head of a Senator (alluding to Mr. Sumner) he must instantly become security for the assailant, in order to preserve his professional interests. Even the artisans on the government works knew their interests depend on their silence or acquiescence in the views of the dominant party. There was no place outside of the House or Senate where a man could speak freely, and even in the Senate it was a terrible peril, probably of sacrifice of health or life! Why was this? Because the title to slave property will not bear an analysis nor the touch of reason. It sought to be maintained by virtue of the law of force, by the mere exercise of physical power. It can be maintained in no other way.

Mr. Polk, of Missouri, alluded to the fact that several Senators had quoted from Gov. Walker's letter, in order to prove that the delegates to the Lecompton Convention were elected by a minority of the people of Kansas. He had read a statement originally published in the St. Louis Republican, in contradiction of Gov. Walker's allegation, from Henry Clay Pate, and other members of that convention.

Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, asked whether Gov. Walker had not been in a situation to know the facts which he stated, and whether Stanton's statements, in his message to the Legislature, were not to be relied on, against the newspaper statements of three or four individuals who were implicated in the very thing charged. The assertions of the persons alluded to by the Senator from Missouri (Mr. Polk) should be taken with the same allowance, on the one side, as those of Mr. Lane on the other. Pate and Lane both went to Kansas for mischief. Pate's statement showed he was actuated more by personal feelings against Gov. Walker, than by a desire to enlighten the country at large.

Mr. Wilson, of Mass., said the persons to whom reference had been made, contradict the positive statements of Secretary Stanton and Gov. Walker, as well as all the facts known in Kansas, and by every intelligent man in the country. He was in Kansas during May and July last, and could assert that Walker's and Stanton's statements were absolutely true in every just sense of the word. In fifteen counties no census was taken nor enrolment made, partly from the neglect of the officials, and partly, in some instances, because there were no officials to perform the duty. He then alluded to the election frauds in Kansas.

Mr. Davis said he was tired of hearing these allegations of fraud.

Mr. Wilson remarked that these frauds were notorious, and he was not surprised that Senators on the other side of the chamber were tired of them. All who justified or apologised for them ought to be held morally accountable before the country for so doing.

Mr. Davis asked whether the Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Wilson) meant to say that he apologized for or excused frauds.

Mr. Wilson replied, that he did not so accuse the Senator. Frauds had been committed, and those who justify or excuse them ought to be held morally responsible.

On the 26th, Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill for the admission of the State of Minnesota into the Union.

The bill was read and placed on the calendar.

A message was received from the House, announcing the deaths of Samuel Brenta and Jas. Lockhart, members from the 10th and 1st Districts of Indiana.

Messrs. Bright and Fitch, of Indiana, delivered eulogies on the characters of the deceased.

The usual resolutions of respect were adopted.

The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill to increase the efficiency of the army.

Mr. Davis, of Miss., in reply to a question from Mr. Toombs, said that the first section of the bill would add thirty companies to the army, or 2,220 men. If the second section is adopted, of course the number of men will depend upon the manner in which the army is posted. If posted as now, with the thirty companies to be added by the first section, the total increase will be nearly 7,000 privates.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, said he would strike out the first section, as the increase in the army would be large enough as provided for in the second section, and that would be a more appropriate mode. While he should vote against the bill, he deemed it his duty to make it as good as he could before the final vote was taken.—According to the present constitution of the army, it was capable of being enlarged to nearly 18,000 men, and with the proposed increase would reach nearly 25,000. This number was altogether too large. He presumed the occasion for the increase asked for was an anticipated Mormon war, for it was not yet a fact.—Congress, which alone could make war, had not yet declared war against Utah, and unless the country had undergone a silent revolution, the President could not make war; but if it should be a war, it must be exceedingly brief, and but temporary. If these troops were to be raised for Utah, he should move an amendment that they should go out of service as soon as the war was over. This policy was pursued in the case of the Mexican war. The force of Brigham Young had been magnified. The same story had been told three or four times of the necessity of more troops to fight the Indians on the frontier, and as soon as the additional regiments were granted, we had peace. The regiments, however, were not to be got rid of, and were permanently fastened on the country

Mr. Davis proceeded to show the necessity for the passage of the bill. The army would amount to 11,956 men if these two companies be added. He preferred the plan of Mr. Calhoun to that of the present Secretary, namely, to have a skeleton in time of peace, capable of a sudden expansion in time of war. This is the most economical plan. The increase is not asked for by the Secretary of the Army on the ground of the Mormon war. It was, however, notorious that in some sections of the country it was difficult to enforce the laws of the land. He regretted as much as any one that it should ever become necessary to call upon the troops to aid in the execution of the laws, but when rebellion exists, it is the duty of the President to put it down, and Congress should furnish the means to enable him to perform that duty. It would be very fortunate for the country if there be no necessity for the employment of troops after they were raised.

Mr. Hunter, of Va., favored the plan of the Committee rather than that of the Secretary of War, but thought it ought to be accompanied with a proviso, that when the present difficulties are settled, the extra force shall be disbanded. Unless that is done, it was manifest that an increase was desired in the standing army.—To this he was unwilling to agree. The subject was discussed in 1856, and four new regiments were at that time added to the existing army. It was supposed that it would be able, when necessary, to guard and protect the country in time of peace. He had seen nothing since to show the necessity for the increase, unless it be the Mormon war. He suggested that in granting land on the frontier, the donation should be accompanied with the condition that the Government shall command the services of the frontiersmen in cases of emergency.

Mr. Hale, of N. H., remarked that during the last year the Government expended about $19,000,000 for military purposes, and there was a deficiency of upwards of $7,000,000 more, making $26,000,000 spent during the twelve months for military purposes in a time of profound peace. During the most expensive year of the last war with Great Britain, the military expenses of the Government never reached as high as $21,000,000. When he first took his seat in Congress, fourteen or fifteen years ago, the army cost one thousand dollars a man every year.—This bill proposed to raise seven thousand additional men, which would saddle upon the Government a permanent annual increase of expenditure of about $12,000,000; and the idea that the army will ever go back and grow smaller, as long as we have got the money or credit to sustain it, was too absurd to be advanced by any sensible man. There were no backward tracks when our Government begun to spend money. There might be a war, no matter how expensive, and then, when it was succeeded by peace, the expenses would go right on, steadily increasing. In his opinion, the President wanted this additional force to carry out "perfect freedom" and "popular sovereignty" in Kansas. It has been said that Congress had not declared war against the Mormons, but it was a part of the history of the country, that war was once declared to exist by the act of Mexico, and it might also be declared to exist now by the act of Brigham Young. He should vote for the amendment proposed. He wanted to cut the bill down to a skeleton, and then should vote against the skeleton itself. (Laughter.)

Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, and Mr. Foster, of Connecticut, opposed the bill, on the ground mainly that no necessity for its passage had been shown.

Mr. Seward, of New York, was of the opinion that the Utah troubles are more serious than generally imagined. But, while disposed to afford all necessary relief to our troops now in the mountains, he was opposed to any more of the military forces being used in Kansas to force on the majority laws which were enacted by a minority; nor did he want to see them used again in the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law. He should, at the proper time, propose an amendment to the effect that the officers and men raised under this new levy shall be occupied only in the business of maintaining the Constitution and laws of Utah, and that when order shall be established there, they shall be disbanded. If this amendment be adopted, he would probably be able to support the bill.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, directed the attention of the Senator from New York (Mr. Seward) to the fact that, inasmuch as part of this increase was to be made to the present companies, it would be impossible to adopt such an amendment as he proposed, without breaking up the whole organization of the army. He contended it was necessary to use the military forces to secure the enforcement of the laws in Kansas.

Mr. Fessenden contended that the President had no authority to use the army or militia for the purpose of enforcing the laws of a Territory.

Mr. Davis briefly replied.

Without taking the question, the Senate adjourned.

On the 27th, Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, introduced a resolution, authorizing the appointment of a commission to examine into the difficulties connected with affairs in Utah, and whether they can be settled without resort to force. Referred to the Military Committee.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, presented a series of joint resolutions passed by the Legislature of Ohio.

Mr. Wade, of Ohio, said they were disreputable in their character.

At the impatient demand of several Senators, they were read.

The resolutions express the entire confidence of the Legislature in the integrity and ability of the present Chief Magistrate: say the Administration commands their cordial and undivided support, and reaffirm the doctrines of the Cincinnati platform. They regard the refusal of the Lecompton Convention to submit its Constitution to the people, as unfortunate for the peace of that country, and declare it to be their unalterable judgment, that every Constitution of a new State of the Union, (unless otherwise directed by the people,) ought to be submitted to the *bona fide* electors of such Territory, for their approval or rejection; and conclude by instructing the Representatives and requesting the Senators from Ohio, to vote against the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, or any other not clearly expressive of the will of the people.

Mr. Wade remarked that the reason why he stigmatized these resolutions as disreputable, was because they did not speak out with that manly independence, with which the Legislature of a sovereign State should always speak upon any question of sufficient importance for expressing any opinion at all. These resolutions endorse the President, and pledge themselves to support every jot and tittle of the Administration, when they intend to conclude, by instructing the Senators to go against the only great and daring measure the Administration has presented. Why not come directly to the question at issue, and with that calm dignity, which becomes a sovereign State, declare and announce their purpose and their will? Why go crouching like miserable slaves to the Administration, and hypocritically declare they have the fullest confidence in it, when they mean to aid by declaring their stern determination to oppose the only important measure it has brought forward? The President not only announces his determination not to allow the people of Kansas to make their own Constitution, but to force upon them one made by their enemies, and compel obedience to it with the point of the bayonet. He (Mr. Wade) proposed, if it should come to that, to resume the same argument where our fathers left it. The South had not upon their plantations a more craven spirited set of people than those who passed these resolutions. [Laughter.] Of course there was no necessity of instructing him how to vote. If the Executive should persist in this policy, he was a tyrant, and deserved the frowns and reprobation of every man. The resolutions call his policy "unfortunate," but he called it downright knavery and tyranny, which demanded not argument, but action. It tends to break the peace and stir up civil war. Notwithstanding all this, they do not lose their confidence in him. They say, although we adhere to him, we instruct you to throw his message in his face, and for one, he (Wade) was ready to do it. [Laughter.] The resolutions were not the voice of the people of Ohio, and met no sympathy or acquiescence from the Republican party. They were crowded down the throats of the Republicans in the Ohio Legislature by a cowardly majority, under the gag-rule, because they dared not face the scorn and contempt which would have been heaped upon them had they permitted the liberty of speech. The brave and generous people of Ohio would have spoken out directly, without catering to the favor of any man. Boldly and independently would they have pronounced their will. The resolutions were passed under the statement that haste was indispensable, and yet more than ten days have elapsed, during which time they have slept in some man's breeches pocket. He was willing to go with the Legislature, and resist to the death the attempt to force the Lecompton, or any other Constitution, not the will of the people, upon them. This is the first attempt, since the American Revolution, to take away the liberties of the people, and it must be the last.

Mr. Pugh said he would not interfere with the special order, by making a speech now. When the Lecompton Constitution was presented, he would express his views upon it at length, and take the opportunity to correct his colleague in some matters of fact.

The resolutions were tabled, and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, presented a bill as a substitute for the Pacific Railroad Bill, embodying the views of the minority of the Select Committee.

Mr. Broderick, of California, introduced a bill directing the payment into the treasury of California, of all moneys collected on duties of imports prior to her admission into the Union

The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the Army Bill.

Mr. Gwin, of California, submitted a substitute providing for five new regiments, according to the recommendation of the Secretary of War.

The substitute was rejected by a vote of 8 yeas against 38 nays.

Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, said he could perceive no absolute necessity for the proposed increase of the regular force. He had heard suggested that the services of volunteers had been offered, and presumed they would be sufficient for the present emergency.

Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, remarked that our gallant soldiers being in a condition to require reinforcements was sufficient to insure the passage of the bill. The mere item of expense should not influence Senators under the present circumstances. In the growing condition of the country it ought to be expected that the expenses of the military establishment will be annually increased. As had been said, it was true forces had been used in Kansas. Not to control popular sovereignty, nor even to assist the minority to put down the majority, but to keep the peace and maintain the supremacy of the laws there. He regretted as much as any the necessity of their employment. But if it had not been for this, long before now, not an Abolitionist would have been left to desecrate and pollute the soil of that Territory. Lawrence, that sink of folly, filth and falsehood, would long ago have been razed to the ground, and the history of that place might have been written in the words—

"*Lawrence was!*"

Much had been said about the border ruffians in this sense. But he did not know a worse set of marauding ruffians than those under Jim Lane. If there was a band of ruffians more despicable than another, it was that same band. Indeed, if he could take the infernal regions, from centre to circumference, and from the surface to the bottom, he did not believe a set so infamous could be fished out. In preserving peace in Kansas, the President did no more than his duty, and Mr. Iverson alluded to the employment of troops in Rhode Island during Gov. Dorr's movements, to show that the Government had interposed in certain cases.

Mr. Simmons, of Rhode Island, vindicated the charter party, and gave the history of the Rhode Island rebellion, confining himself to what the people did. With regard to the Government's action, he would say nothing, and not even mention the name of the chief magistrate at that time in power. If the Senator was not satisfied, he would send him a book giving the full history of the case.

Mr. Iverson expressed himself satisfied.

Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, expressed the opinion that Brigham Young was only carrying out what was supposed to be the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which declares that the people of a Territory ought to left perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way. In the innocence of his heart, Brigham Young supposed that the family was a domestic institution, and under that interpretation, he had the right to either one or one hundred wives, as he pleased. If the Democrats propose to maintain their former doctrine of popular sovereignty and non-intervention, and yet declare that they wish to intervene in Kansas, he would grant all the troops necessary to preserve order, but he thought the best way would be to employ a missionary to go to Utah alone, and explain to Brigham Young the views of the Government, for it was evident that he now supposed the idea of non-intervention by the Democratic Administration with the domestic institutions of a Territory was utterly groundless. He said, if it had not been for the troops in Kansas, border-ruffianism would have been wiped out, and not only that, but a terrible account settled with some of the border towns of Missouri. If the Senator from Georgia desired to have the troops removed from Kansas, he could easily vote accordingly.

Mr. Davis said that it must be evident from the tone of the debate, that much of the opposition to the bill sprung from a desire to foment civil war in Kansas, and he again spoke of the necessity for taking the question.

Several Senators expressing a desire to be heard, and the hour being late, the Senate adjourned.

On the 28th, Mr. Slidell, of La., from the select committee appointed to consider the banking system of the District of Columbia, reported a bill to prohibit the issue of bank notes by corporations, associations or individuals, and prevent bank notes from being issued within the District of Columbia, by corporations located beyond the limits of the District, of a less denomination than fifty dollars. The bill was made the special order for the second Tuesday of February.

Mr. Slidell also reported a resolution that the committee deem it inexpedient to authorize the establishment, either by general or special laws, of banks of issue within the District of Columbia.

The Senate then took up the bill to increase the army.

Mr. Toombs, of Ga., said there was no necessity for the passage of this bill on account of Indian hostilities, for there had not been an embodiment of Indians within the country for twenty-five years past which was capable of fighting two thousand men. With regard to the Mormon troubles, he deemed it ridiculous to suppose that Brigham Young was able to compete with three thousand United States troops. Hence there was no necessity for an increase on that score. In alluding to the remarks of Mr. Iverson, yesterday—who said if it had not been for the troops in Kansas, the Abolitionists would have been exterminated—and to those of Mr. Chandler, who thought that if such had been the case, a fearful retaliation would have been visited on the border settlements of Missouri—Mr. Toombs remarked that he would not enter into any controversy on those points, but he would not vote to give a single man for the purpose of maintaining peace in Kansas, whoever might there hold power. Experience and history for the last forty centuries had demonstrated that order, maintained by regular soldiers, was despotism, and that the peace only thus obtained was the cemetery of liberty. He would not maintain peace in Kansas on such terms, nor have order there at no such cost. If freemen could not maintain peace among themselves, they were unworthy to exercise self-government. They were not fit to be freemen. A regular army has always been the instrument of despotism. There was not a despotic government in Europe to-day which could stand ninety days without it. When Mr. Calhoun was Secretary of War, the expenses of the army were reduced two hundred and seventy-three dollars a man. Now, estimating only the legitimate expenses of the army, they amounted to more than a thousand dollars each man per annum. He earnestly expressed his opposition to the regular soldiery, except so far as actually necessary for the common defence. The last soldiers seen in Georgia were sent thither to help the Indians against the whites, and he expressed the hope that the sole of the foot of another Federal soldier would never again press the soil of that State.

The hour having arrived for the consideration of the special order, the resolution to present a medal to Com. Paulding, it was taken up.

Mr. Pearce, of Md., could not see how any man could sympathize with Walker, who was a mere dreamer, a visionary. He argued that we were entitled to consider the territorial sovereignty of Nicaragua as waived, so far as the removal of Walker was concerned, and contended that Paulding was entirely justified in his conduct. If he committed any error at all, it was not a "grave error," but the smallest fractional part of an error. Com. Paulding had his heartiest thanks, and doubtless the thanks of the mass of the people of the whole country; but he would not vote him a medal, for that was not the description of service for which such marks of approbation should be bestowed.

Mr. Slidell, of La., entirely disapproved of the act of Paulding, and hoped the President either had or would recall him. He equally disapproved of the motives and course of Gen. Walker, and had no confidence in him, either as a soldier or statesman. Gen. Walker's past course had shown him to be incompetent in the Cabinet as in the field. In conclusion, Mr. Slidell submitted an amendment to the bill reported by the Committee on Foreign Relations, authorizing the President to suspend the neutrality laws, at his discretion, but not exceeding twelve months, and should the President do so, he shall communicate his reasons therefor to Congress.

The subject was postponed till the 9th of February.

The consideration of the Army Bill was then taken up.

Mr. Stuart, of Mich., thought it evident, in view of the situation of our troops and the troubles in Utah, that an increase of the army was necessary, and he should support the bill as reported by the Committee on Military Affairs. Had he had his own way in dealing with the Mormons, he would have cut off their government supplies, by suspending the appointment of the Federal officers there, and withholding the appropriations of money. All the money they have to live on is the forty or fifty thousand dollars a year they receive from the Government. If that were taken away, they would have nothing with which to resist the Government, and would be forced to become peaceable. The best way to deal with fanatics was to approach their pockets. That was an argument they could understand—a force they could not evade.

After remarks by Senators Fessenden and Green, adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 25th, the Speaker announced the following gentlemen as members of the Select Committee on the Pacific Railroad:—Messrs. Phelps of Missouri, Jones of Tennessee, Washburne of Maine, Millson of Virginia, Curtiss of Iowa, Corning of New York, Underwood of Kentucky, Groesbeck of Ohio, Gilmer of North Carolina, Singleton of Mississippi, Farnsworth of Illinois, Phillips of Pennsylvania, Leach of Michigan, Bryan of Texas, and Scott of California.

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, in the absence of Mr. Harris, of Illinois, who had moved the resolutions for the expulsion of Mr. Matteson, of New York, moved that the further consideration of the subject be postponed one month. He said that he understood, on good authority, that Mr. Matteson was detained at home in consequence of the severe illness of his wife. The motion was agreed to.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, on the Invalid Pension Bill.

Mr. Gattrell, of Georgia, made a speech in support of slavery, hesitating not to defend the institution as being strictly in accordance with the right, the sternest dictates of humanity, and the Word of God. The time for apology had passed. Southern people are united and stand up before the world to defend and entirely justify it. Other nations, including France and England, are beginning to see the error of their ways, and are ready to embark in a system of slavery more barbarous and oppressive than any heretofore known. He considered the prophecy of Randolph, relative to slavery's social, moral and political demoralization, falsified by time and experience, and argued to show that Great Britain's emancipation scheme is a great failure.

Mr. Washburne, of Wisconsin, thought the President had arrived at a lame and impotent conclusion, in declaring that the monetary evils of the country proceeded from the bank suspensions, while hard money was claimed for the basis of government transactions. The Secretary of the Treasury has called upon and obtained from Congress power to issue twenty millions "Red Dog" and "Wild Cat." He reviewed the Secretary's report, exposing what he regarded as its fallacies and saying that, notwithstanding that officer's blunders on banking, something will turn up to relieve him from impending ruin.

Mr. Granger, of New York, said the Administration, by extravagance and folly, had increased the expenditures eighteen or nineteen millions of dollars annually, while the revenue has run down to twenty or thirty. One part of the army is surrounded by snow and the Mormons; another is playing second-fiddle to slavery in Kansas, and the remainder is fighting for glory with Billy Bowlegs. (Laughter.) And now Congress was called upon to raise four regiments. When he should vote for them, his constituents would find it out! The government is in trouble, and so are the people. The Democratic party (so called) turned the screw the wrong way when it passed a free trade tariff. If they were wise, they would restore prosperity to the country by a protective tariff with incidental protection.

Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, said the House should not recognize the right of the President to dictate to them in what manner they shall discharge their duties. Notwithstanding the threats of the Southern States that they will go out of the Union unless Kansas is admitted under the Lecompton Constitution, under no possible state of things would he give to it his sanction. That instrument did not emanate from the people of Kansas—it is not their will. Its provisions are in direct conflict with the Constitution and the principles of eternal justice. It is a fact which could not be successfully denied, the reason why the convention solemnly refused to submit the constitution for approval or rejection, was that the people would have voted it down; and yet the President has the audacity, with this fact staring him in the face, to demand that Congress shall set up that instrument as the Constitution of the people of Kansas. That Constitution was the joint product of federal and local usurpation.

But for the federal intervention, the delegates to the Lecompton Convention would not have been chosen, and but for the protection of the federal bayonets, they would not have dared to conspire against the liberties of the people. The rights of the people had been trampled on, and popular sovereignty had been strangled, and Congress had been asked to acquiesce in this outrage for the sake of the Union, and, as the President says, for the peace and quiet of the whole country. They had been told by the "Court Journal" that all is quiet in Kansas. But it is not the calm of a people secure in their rights; it is the fitful calm which precedes a storm. Let the supporters of the Lecompton Constitution look to it that the freemen of Kansas are not pressed to the point where patience ceases to be a virtue. Kansas is filled with freemen, who know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain them. Resistance to such a fraud as is attempted to be forced upon them, would be a duty, not a crime; patriotism, and not treason.

The committee rose and the House adjourned.

On the 26th, on motion, the committee charged with the investigation of the charges against members or officers of the last Congress, growing out of the disbursement of Lawrence, Stone & Co., were authorized to employ a stenographer.

The House went into Committee on the Invalid Pension Bill.

Mr. Anderson, of Missouri, said, as he belonged to neither of the prominent political parties, that the only course left him was to support the Administration in every attempt to resist the fearful encroachments on the constitutional rights of the South. He thought that by so doing he should represent fairly the American party of Missouri, which has no sympathy with the Republican party. The present excitement in Kansas will soon die away. In advocating the Lecompton Constitution, he could see no reason to refuse the admission of Kansas under that instrument.

The House passed the bill for the payment of Invalid and other pensions.

The bill appropriating $79,000 for the deficiency in the cost of the printing of the last two Congresses, was then considered.

Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, in explanation, said the fault was in ordering books to be printed before they were communicated to Congress, and mentioned that the first volume of the Japan Expedition cost the modest sum of $99,000, and the second volume of the Pacific Survey $70,000.

Mr. Clark B. Cochrane, of New York, referred to the fact that at the election in Kansas, on the 4th of January, over ten thousand votes were cast against the Lecompton Constitution, rejecting it by four to one. That the Free State candidates were elected, he had no doubt. That they will be counted out, he was just as certain. To make up by fraud, what was wanting in number, was the object of the Lecompton or Calhoun movement. The question was, whether Congress was prepared to force a loathed and abhorred constitution on the people, not only without their consent, but against their recorded will. That constitution was a swindle, reeking with fraud and branded with popular condemnation, and was recommended to the approval of Congress by the President, not on the ground of justice, but on the plea of expediency. That constitution was a fugitive from justice, and smuggled here under the cover of the federal arm. With the order of death upon it, that constitution was buried by more than ten thousand freemen. Instead of breathing into it the breath of life, it should be carried back for interment. It was designedly made odious, to keep away from the polls those who were not in the plot—relying on the Executive and his fellows to see it through. But the Administration has counted without its host. If its expectation in this regard be realized, the Democratic party will become geographically, what it is in principle and fact, a mere sectional organization.

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, said that, as this discussion was coming to a head, he wished, in order to avoid misrepresentation, to ask Mr. Cochrane whether he would vote for the admission of Kansas under the Topeka Constitution.

Mr. Cochrane replied that he would, if there was evidence that it embodied the public will.

Mr. Keitt.—Did you not say in your speech that it did?

Mr. Cochrane.—At its adoption.

Mr. Keitt.—If the whole Lecompton Constitution had been submitted, and all the votes in the Territory had been thrown, and a majority of votes had declared unequivocally that slavery shall be established, would you vote to admit Kansas under it?

Mr. Cochrane.—But for one fact, namely, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

The Committee rose.

Mr. Clingman asked, but did not obtain leave, to offer a resolution for reference to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, declaring that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty ought to be abrogated; that Central America now stands in relation to us as did the Louisiana Territory, and, therefore, ought not to be subject to the control of any foreign power or interference with our interests, and protesting against the trade in white men or coolies.

Mr. Morris, of Illinois, asked, but did not obtain leave to introduce a joint resolution authorizing the President to appoint three Commissioners to proceed to Salt Lake to negotiate with the Mormons for the purchase of their possessions, on condition of their removal from the United States.

Mr. Florence, of Pennsylvania, asked, but did not obtain leave to introduce a resolution providing for the adjournment of Congress on the 7th of June next. Adjourned.

On the 27th, on motion of Mr. Zollikofer, of Tennessee, a resolution was adopted, calling upon the President for all information showing what gave rise to the Utah Expedition, and throwing light on the question how far Brigham Young is in a state of rebellion or resistance the authorities of the United States.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and took up the bill to print the Deficiency Bill.

Mr. Davis, of Miss., said that threats made gentlemen of the North against the South we held in contempt. The South expect a conflict at a period not far distant, and come when might, they would be found ready to meet. If the North should invade the South, let the do it in open day, and not by night. Whenever a single drop of blood shall be shed there, way of coercing them to submit to injustice and wrong, it will be followed by a stream of fi into the North. They would find an army marching from the South into the North, with the sword in one hand and the Bible in the oth scattering desolation in their path. The So has borne with patience the attacks made up them because they love the Union, but will not much longer submit. He had more respect for the Abolitionists than for the Free Soilers on principle. The assassin meets his victim open day, while the other stabs him while asleep. The only difference exists in the fact that one is a greater robber than the other.

Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, asked whether the gentleman from Mississippi would carry his desolation into the Western Reserve.

Mr. Davis replied that that would be the first point he would strike at, because that was the residence of the meanest and worst Abolitionists in the country. [Laughter.]

Mr. Leach, of Michigan, said the people have a high regard for the Presidential office, and for the functionary himself, when worthy. But they have learned, from sad experience, how far the President has strayed from the landmarks of freedom. Passing over the iniquities perpetrated in Kansas, he proceeded to speak against the President's recommendation of an indemnity to the Spanish government, "for the purpose distribution among the claimants in the Amista case." Congress had not hitherto deemed the case worthy of serious consideration. It had long slept quietly, and its repose should not now be disturbed. He trusted the question would be put in a manner so emphatic that it would never again be intruded on Congress. Those negroes were free by the laws of Spain, by the laws of the United States, by the laws of nations, and by the impartial and eternal law of Heaven! But even if they had been slaves, there was by the treaty with Spain, no authority to deliver them up as merchandize. In conclusion, he argued against the extension of slavery, and demanded that all Territories and the District of Columbia, should be purged of the curse. The hearts of the people are for this, and ultimately the principle will triumph.

Mr. Avery, of Tennessee, briefly alluded to the "unwarrantable usurpation" of Com. Paulding. He declared the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was a mildew and a blight to the progress of American institutions, and should be abrogated. He favored the application of the Monroe doctrine, and the acquisition of Cuba, which was of great importance to the country, and was doubtless so regarded by the enlightened statesman who fills the Presidential chair. England, stimulated by national aggrandizement, is the most filibustering nation on the face of the earth, and is seeking to extend her possessions on this continent, which should be prevented. He advocated the Lecompton Constitution, as being in conformity to the Constitution of the United States, and the legally expressed will of the people of Kansas.

Mr. Thompson, of New York, went into a full history of the Mormons, showing that their government blends in one the qualities of Church and State, in imitation of the Hebrew theocracy. Power and polygamy hold their leaders together, and not one American among them would stay there longer than he could help, if both these luxuries were denied him. [Laughter.]

Mr. Giddings asked whether the Mormons have not as much power, under the doctrine of squatter sovereignty, to establish polygamy, as other territories have to establish slavery?

Mr. Thompson replied, that he did not wish to mix this question with the question of slavery, and proceeded to condemn polygamy as being against the moral law and the opinion of civilized mankind. In view of the enormity staring them in the face, we should pass a law making polygamy a crime, and send a force there to scatter every harem to the winds. He would apprehend all conspirators, who would be found to include every head of a seraglio. He would try them for treason, and have every one found guilty and hanged, excluding all Mormons from participating in the proceedings of the court. He would spare the inhabitants and give them a republican form of government, and see that they enjoyed it without the heel of despotism on their necks. And if all this failed, he would turn their territory into a vast military camp to protect the highway to the Pacific. What is necessary to be performed shall be done now, whether volunteers are to be employed or not. He stood committed to stay the march of this prairie fire, before it shall extend and involve the whole country in the conflagration.

The Committee then rose.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois, made a partial report from the Committee on Elections, declaring it inexpedient to allow Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, as he requested, any further time to take supplementary testimony affecting his seat in the House, which is contested by Mr. Vallandigham.

Mr. Gilmer, of North Carolina, made a minority report.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, from the same Committee, offered a resolution, which was adopted, admitting Mr. Vallandigham to the floor, during the proceedings in the Ohio contested election case, and giving him the privilege to speak as to its merits.

Mr. Harris said he would shortly call up the subject. The House then adjourned.

On the 28th, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and resumed the consideration of the Printing Deficiency Bill.

Mr. Shaw, of Illinois, said:—Take a Republican to the South, and he would become a fire-eater, and take the fire-eater to the North, and he would become a Republican. It was not in his head to fall in love with either of these parties. He had a contempt for any portion of the North or of the South which seeks a dissolution of the Union. The people of the section from which he came stand by the Constitution. The voters of Kansas had not had a fair opportunity to decide for themselves upon the Constitution under which they are to live. Fifteen out of the thirty-four counties of the Territory were excluded from casting a single vote for the Delegates to the Lecompton Convention. He cared not whether the people of the Territory should decide to have slavery or not, but insisted that they should judge of that question for themselves. For himself, he would never vote for the Constitution that the people of Kansas never had an opportunity to endorse.

Mr. Collins, of Massachusetts, reviewed the financial policy of the Administration, showing the inconsistency between the President and the Secretary of the Treasury on that subject. He contended that the application of the Bankrupt Law to local banks, as recommended by the Executive, would be fraught with disastrous results to the interests of the country. It was for the States, not Congress, to regulate and conduct these institutions.

Mr. Hickman, of Pennsylvania, said he was compelled to dissent from the views of the President on the Kansas question. But his opposition to the President's treatment of Kansas affairs did not arise from any objection to slavery, but it was based on a foundation more plainly understood, namely:—A violation of the declared principle of the Kansas-Nebraska Act. The attempt made to force the Lecompton Constitution on an unwilling people by force or fraud, would induce him to resist it. Were Democrats all bound to support the Lecompton Constitution, simply because it has the Executive approbation? He should as soon admit a bastard to be a lawful heir, as that Constitution to be the representative of the sovereign will of Kansas, with no lawful blood in it. The Kansas Legislature never was a lawful body, and hence the acts emanating from it were illegal. Ruffianism has there held sway from the beginning to the present time; and in order to conceal this

...n everybody, efforts have been made to con... the fact. How had it occurred that so ...ocratic officials were found strong enough ...hand the atmosphere of Kansas? Four De...cratic Governors have successively been sent ...ther, and all have returned telling the same ...ory, and in nearly the same words—that po...lar sovereignty was completely crushed out the Territory of Kansas. The reply to the ...stion, what is to be done with those who ...ed against the Lecompton Constitution, was ...en in a Southern newspaper. They are to be ...nded, have their ears slit, and then be read ... of the Democratic party. But care must be ...en that too many men of the North are not ...ad out of the organization. He thought that ...e had a pretty distinct recollection of the neces...ity which existed for strenuous efforts to secure ...e vote of Pennsylvania for Mr. Buchanan, and ...membered, too, what feeling there was in the ...uth lest the Presidency should fall on a sec...onal party. Might he not then inquire why ...e soldiers in that contest should be slaughter...d so unceremoniously? To support the Le...mpton Constitution, was to support that which ...as begotten in fraud, and brought forth in iniquity. He scorned the recommendation to admit Kansas on the ground of expediency in the ...sence of right. It was in direct violation and ...ntempt of the pledges which had been made to ...e people, and violative of the title by which ...resident Buchanan holds his present position. ...ad the President's Annual Message been read ...fore the election of 1856, there is no telling ...w large a majority there would have been ...gainst him. Let Kansas be forced into the ...nion with the Lecompton Constitution, and ...ere will be an end of national platforms, and ... beginning of sectional Presidents.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, recapitulated the his...y of Kansas, and said that the Free State ...en there have, by their courage, done more to ...ecure our institutions against fraud and vio...ce, than any other people since the founda...on of the Government. If the endeavor was ...de to force the Lecompton Constitution on ...em, it must be by the strength of arms, for ...ery aspiration of liberty will be against such attempt.

The Committee then rose and the House adjourned.

On the 29th, Mr. Howard, of Michigan, called ...ention to the fact that the bill before Commit...e of the Whole on the State of the Union, pro...iding to supply the deficiency in the appropria...on for printing, had not yet been discussed, but debate was devoted to general subjects. ...hat bill has grown out of abuses, which, if suf...red to continue, will bankrupt the treasury; ...et not a single member of the Committee of ...ys and Means or of the Printing Committee ...as been able to get the floor to discuss the ...rovisions of the bill, in order to bring out what ...as led to this system of abuses. All ought to ...nite in order to give the matter a full investiga...n. If they devote this day to the country, by ...roughly probing this subject, their constitu...ts will forgive them for all the time heretofore ...sted in speaking of Indians, Mormons, Kan... and "Buncombe" generally. [Laughter.]

Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky, was proceeding to ...cuss the printing question, when

Mr. Greenwood, of Arkansas, sportively raised ...oint as to whether Mr. Burnett was in order, ...he was *confining himself to the subject under ...sideration.*

The Chairman decided that Mr. Burnett was ...order.

Mr. Burnett said the Public Printing had been ...raged as a source of corruption, through which ... treasury is robbed; that gentlemen who hold ... office of Public Printer realize princely ...ns; and that extensive combinations are form..., by which the printing is controlled. He did ...t make these charges, nor did he know how ...r they are true, yet they are made through the ...reas of the country, and hence should be fully ...restigated by special committees having charge ...f the subject. It was to him a matter of mys...ery how the public printer could be guilty of ...orruption, with the law regulating his compen...ation, but it was nevertheless true that the printing of both Houses enables the printers to realize immense fortunes. It had been advanced that to favor their election they gave thousands of dollars, and freely open their purses during the Presidential canvas. Printing has grown enormously within a few years past. In the Thirty-second Congress it was $950,000, and for the Thirty-third it was nearly $1,700,000, and for the Thirty-fourth $2,333,000. He, among other citations of extravagance, said that $45,000 has been spent for cuts of wood coaches, squirrels, mice, and other animals so worthlessly put into the Patent Office report. He was for stopping this extravagant drain on the Treasury, by paying for all work completed, and dispensing with that not performed. He moved an amendment to the bill reducing the $790,000 proposed to be appropriated, to $120,000.

Mr. Letcher, of Virginia, showed that the amount in the bill was to pay for liabilities incurred by the last two Congresses. He alluded to the fact that the publication of Gillis' Astronomical Expedition cost $115,000, that of the Pacific Railroad Survey nearly $833,000, and Emory's Report $347,000. He hoped that a stop would soon be put to this extravagant system in some way. The publication of these and other works amounted to nothing more than that the Government is to be the publisher of books which would not tempt private publishers. Some of these books were utterly worthless. He appealed to the Committee to take the means to put an end, for the future, to such shameful extravagance. Their constituents should not be taxed for such unjust and wasteful purposes.

Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, explained that the bill was to pay the amount due under contracts made by the authority of the House. These contracts should be met, and Congress should not undertake to repudiate them. While the attention of the country is attracted to the extravagance of the last two Congresses, the present Congress should be held responsible for its expenditures for printing, and govern its future course by the experience of the past.

Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, was willing to pay only for work already done, to the extent of $316,000, and no more.

Mr. Nichols, of Ohio, thought it was proper that the House should manifest its sense as to what should be done relative to some of the printing, but was opposed to the suggestion of the gentleman from Georgia.

After further debate, the committee rose without coming to a conclusion on the subject. Adjourned till Monday.

THE LAST HUSBAND OF LOLA MONTEZ.—Prince Shulkoski is a Polish nobleman, having two large estates—the dukedoms of Bieler and Dlietz, in Austrian Silesia, the incomes from which are very large. Years since Lola Montez, when mistress of the King of Bavaria, (who gave her the title of Countess, which she bears,) introduced into Bavaria the Code Napoleon, and it became the fixed law of the kingdom. Prince Shulkoski, acting upon the movement in Bavaria, also introduced it into Silesia, and had justice administered in accordance with its prescriptions. The Austrian Government suspected that the Prince was tainted with republicanism, and exiled him from the Austrian dominions for ten years. The ten years will expire soon. He has passed most of his time during his exile in this country.

EXCITING STREET SCENE.—About noon yesterday, a man and woman, rather fashionably attired, while passing Fourth and Walnut streets, were startled by the sudden appearance of a female, supposed to be the wife of the former, who made a violent assault upon the latter, tearing her bonnet, and disordering her dress very much. During the attack the man beat a hasty retreat, seeming to think that discretion was the better part of valor. When the female had exhausted her rage and strength also, she walked on in the direction taken by the man. The scene occupied but a minute or two, yet it was witnessed by a number of persons, none of whom, however, attempted to interfere.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A LETTER from Florida, dated the 6th ult., says: "It has been very warm all winter; peach trees are in full bloom, and all kinds of trees are out like in May. People are very busy gardening."

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.—*In the House.* Mr. Miller, of Crawford, recently offered a series of resolutions instructing the Senators from Pennsylvania in Congress, to resist the admission of Kansas into the Union, unless a Constitution is presented which has received the unqualified sanction of the majority of the "bona fide" residents of that Territory.

A variety of motions were made on the resolutions and much confusion prevailed. The resolutions were at length referred to a Special Committee of three.

The resolution relative to a small note currency, authorizing the Governor to open a correspondence with the Executives of all other States of the Union, with a view of adopting a plan to agree upon some uniform law to abolish small notes, etc., was taken up and discussed, and was passed finally, after certain amendments, by a vote of yeas 21, nays 9.

The bill relative to making repairs on the North Branch Canal, was taken up for consideration. Pending the discussion, the Senate adjourned.

On the 29th, Mr. Foster introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives, that, in the language of Governor Packer,

"All the qualified voters of a Territory should have a full and fair right to participate in the selection of delegates to form a Constitution preparatory to admission as a State into the Union; and, if desired by them, they should also be allowed an unqualified right to vote upon such Constitution"

He then moved to proceed to its consideration. This being out of the regular order, it required a two-thirds vote. The vote stood yeas 46, nays 45. Lost.

The resolution was referred to the Special Committee on Kansas, which, on motion of Mr. Rhodes was increased to seven. Messrs. Calhoun, Goepp, Miller, Jackman, Rhodes, Lawrence and Turner. Miller and Lawrence are Anti-Administration. The rest Democrats.

Mr. McClure moved to make the resolution the special order of Monday. Lost—yeas 30, nays 61.

TUNNEL BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—Some time ago a French engineer, M. Thomé de Gamond, published a plan for uniting England with France by means of a tunnel beneath the sea from Boulogne-sur-Mer to Dover. We learn from Paris that the Emperor of the French regards such a tunnel as both desirable and practical, and that by his order M. de Gamond's plan was referred to a commission of Government civil engineers, all eminent men. This commission, after examining the scheme in all its details, has come to the conclusion that it is feasible, and ought to be seriously entertained; and it has recommended the Government to disburse £20,000, for the purpose of making new investigations respecting it. The same commission recommended that the English Government should be requested to say if it be disposed to take any part in these investigations.—*Literary Gazette.*

SKATING AT PORTLAND, ME.—In Portland, Me., a perfect army of skaters occupied the canal basin on Saturday, including men, women and children. The Advertiser says there were about one thousand persons on the ice at one time, and more than fifty carriages in attendance. Many of the skaters went out as far as Saccarappa, and others even to the outlet of Lake Sebago, and returned, making a distance of forty miles or more. The ice in the neighborhood of Portland is from 12 to 15 inches thick, and considerable quantities have already been cut and stored. At Island Pond, about 150 miles North-West of Portland, the snow is from one foot to fifteen inches deep; and on Saturday morning the mercury stood at 18 degrees below zero. On the previous morning it was 15 below.

SPUNKY GIRLS.—A schoolmaster in Eddington, Me., recently forbade chewing gum in school, which caused much dissatisfaction.—Some of the larger boys, therefore, made an attack on the schoolmaster, and attempted to expel him, when three of the girls, aged from 16 to 19, came to the rescue with sticks of wood, and succeeded in driving the assailants out of the building. The struggle was desperate, and lasted for some time.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 191—Adults 81, and children 110.

☞ Those darling bygone times, with their delicious fortresses, and their dear old dungeons, and their delightful places of torture, and their romantic vengeances, and their picturesque assaults and sieges, and everything that makes life truly charming! How dreadfully we have degenerated!—*Mrs. Skewton, in Dombey and Son.*

☞ Mr. Atkinson, during his wanderings through Siberia, was taken ill, but was restored by the usual remedy—a Russian bath. First he was boiled, then gently flagellated with a birch-rod till he presented the appearance of a raw beefsteak, and finally he was sluiced with icy-cold water. A mild remedy this for an attack of influenza!

☞ The reason Æneas carried his father with such ease was because he had *Troy* weight upon his back instead of avoirdupois.

☞ Pain itself is not without its alleviations. It may be violent and frequent, but it is seldom both violent and long continued; and its pauses and intermissions become positive pleasures. It has the power of shedding a satisfaction over intervals of ease, which, I believe, few enjoyments exceed.—*Paley.*

"When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death—the *brave lives on.*"
—Byron.

☞ Bashfulness is merely a matter of position. Ladies who object to being kissed under the mistletoe, show no such resistance to be kissed under the rose.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" "	'62	104 —
" "	'67	113 —
" "	'68	112 —
" "	'85	100 —
Phila 6 pr ct	91¼	91½
" " new	97½	98
" 5 "	77	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	—	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	—	—
" " coupon	81	—
All'y City 6 pr ct	97	—
" County "	—	—
Alle co R R 6's	69	68
Penn " 5 "	89½	90
" " coupon	89	90
Penn 6 pr ct	104	104½
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102	102½
Missouri 6's	64½	64½
Penn RR 6 pr ct	94½	95
2d m'rt loan '83	84	85
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	98	99
P G & N RR "	90	92
Reading RR "	74	75
" " m'rt	85	86
" " 5 pr ct 1886	70½	71½
H & Lan RR "	89½	90
Che Val RR "	79	80
Penn RR "	86½	86½
Phil Wil & Bal '60 RR 6 pr ct	102	102
Long I RR "	67½	69
Sch Nav '82 "	87½	88
Lehigh Nav "	93	93½
Morris "	93	93½
C & D C I "	57	58
Sus & Tid "n "	47	47½
Union Canal	38	39
Wil'ms & Elmira 1st m'rt 7 pr ct	82	85
2d " 7 pr ct	63	66
Catawissa "	29½	30½
North Penn 6 pr ct	51	52
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	90	90½
Penna	41½	41½
Sea Meadow	54	54
North Penna	9½	10
Phil Ger & No	53	53½
Reading	22	23½
Minehill	60	61
Har & Lan	54½	55
Chester Val	34	—
Tioga "	—	—
" preferred	—	—
P W & Balt	22½	23½
Long Island	10½	10½
Wil'sport & Elmira	10½	10½
Catawissa	6½	6½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	8½	—
" preferred	16½	16½
Lehigh Nav	55½	56
Morris consolidated	42½	43
" preferred	93	95
C & Del	30	60
Union	2½	3
Sus & Tidewater	4	6
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	131	132
Penna	54	64
Phila	108	110
Far & Mec	55½	56
Commercial	46	47
N Liberty	32	33
Mechanics	25½	27½
Southwark	62	70
P Township	25	26
Kensington	—	60
Girard	91	95
Western	67½	—
Man & Mech	22	25
Commerce	—	—
Tradesman's	—	—
City	61	62
Consolidation	27½	28
Commonwealth	17	17½
Corn Exchange	—	—
Pittsburg	50	55
M & M Pitts	—	—
Ex'ge Pitts	49	—
Kentucky	109	110
Northern, Ky	110	—
Louisville, Ky	108½	—
Farmers, Ky	108	110
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	—
Plant's, Tenn	—	—
Com & R Vick	—	—
N O Gas 1st	115	116

GENERAL WALKER'S SPEECH AT MOBILE.—Gen. Walker, in his speech at Mobile, said that in the month of October last, a confidential friend of his had an interview with a member of the Cabinet, who said that the President was opposed to the Nicaragua enterprise, and recommended the Walkerites to enter into a treaty with Comonfort, and become allies in the Mexican cause, and thus bring about a war between Spain and Mexico, and seize Cuba. The Walkerites, however, repudiated this proposition.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Robert Armstrong, Mr. WILLIAM JACKSON, to Miss ANNIE M. FORD, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. R. Happersett, Mr. WILLIAM S. CAMPBELL, of the St. Lawrence Hotel, Philadelphia, to Mrs. ADA F. FIELDS, of Fauquier co., Va.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. William J. Mann, Mr. THEODORE HAMER, to Miss ELIZABETH LEIBERT, both of Philadelphia.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM L. ELKINS, to Miss LOU BROOMELL, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. T. S. Johnston, Mr. THOMAS STEVENSON, to Miss CATHARINE PICKLE, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. W. Blackwood, Mr. SAMUEL PROFLEE, to MARY A. daughter of JOHN D. FORD, formerly of Baltimore.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. John C. Clay, Mr. M. R. CLOVER, to Miss MARTHA BRANIGAN, both of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. SAMUEL R. ROE, of Delaware county, to Miss MARY J. KEEN.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. ALEX. H. STEUTHERS, to SALLIE GASKILL, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. William Suddards, WALTER S. ROCK, to MARY L. daughter of Charles Ash, both of this city.

In Cincinnati, on the 19th ultimo, by Friends' Ceremony, JOSHUA W. GASKILL, late of this city, to NETTIE S. MOORE, of the former city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In New York, on the 24th ultimo, JOHN, son of Henry B. and Ann Mann, aged 12 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mr. CHARLES SMITH, aged 76.

On the 25th ultimo, THOMAS S. HAZLET, aged 31.

On the 25th ultimo, ESTHER, wife of the late W. Chew, aged 85 years.

On the 26th ultimo, JOHN KELLY, aged 44 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH B. GAW, aged 37.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. AMELIA SCHLATER, daughter of Wm. H. Morgan, Sr.

On the 24th ultimo, JAMES TAYLOR, aged 44 years.

On the 29th ultimo, MARGARETTA, daughter of O. H. and B. M. Robbins, aged 15 years.

On the 25th ultimo, ANNA M. KINNELL, aged 68 years.

On the 23d ultimo, LOUIS, son of Wm. H. Jr. and Sarah Morgan, aged 17 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. SUSANNA ZELLNER, aged 71.

On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. JENNETT FAIRES, wife of Mr. Wm. Kennedy, aged 76 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Dr. A. T. W. WRIGHT, late Principal of the Normal School of this city, aged 49 years.

On the 24th ultimo, MARY ANN, wife of Mr. Adam Melcher, aged 30 years.

On the 26th ultimo, GRACE, wife of John Pearsall, aged 40 years.

At Kaighn's Point, on the 26th ultimo, ISABELLA, wife of Capt. John Baker, aged 33 years.

On the 23th ultimo, MERCY BYER, aged 88 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Mr. JAMES H. LITTLETON, aged 22.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET WARD, aged 45.

On the 22d ultimo, JOHN J. GRAY, aged 34 years.

On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH MARCHE, aged 54.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. ANN SMITH, aged 84 years.

On the 27th ultimo, CATHARINE L. daughter of Christian and Susannah Dull, aged 16 years.

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CAPTAIN GREEN'S ADVENTURE.

Story telling has always been a fruitful expedient to wear away the heavy time in the stage-coach, where, from the close proximity of the travellers, some degree of sociality becomes a necessity. I distinctly remember the sensation which the following "whopper" produced in the coach:

We were crossing the Alleghany Mountains, in the journey from Cumberland to Brownsville. On the front seat, where he could command the eyes and the attention of his fellow-travellers, sat Captain Green, as he was called by his companion, and which familiar address the rest of the passengers soon learned to adopt. One after another had told his story of the perils of the road, and Captain Green, who seemed to have a large fund of personal adventures to draw from, commenced upon his second narrative.

"I don't know as I ever was really frightened but once," he began. (The captain was a brave man.) "And that was in the western part of Tennessee, some years ago. I suppose, gentlemen, you have all heard of the notorious Hare? His scene of operations was once in this part of the country, and, for aught I know, he may have been concerned in the affair I am about to narrate; indeed, I am almost positive that he was.

"In this wild, mountainous part of Tennessee, there was a desperate—"

But then a stupid medical student, who sat by my side, interrupted the captain by suggesting that the western part of Tennessee was not wild or mountainous.

"Have you ever been there, my dear sir?" inquired the captain, a little sharply.

The student confessed that he had not; but for all that he had some knowledge of the topographical features of the State.

"You hear that, gentlemen," continued Capt. Green, with a bland smile. "He has never been there, and ventures to dispute the point with me, who have been there."

There was no gainsaying this argument, and the captain was allowed to proceed without further debate.

"There was a desperate gang of robbers in that part of the country, at the time of which I speak; so desperate that they never allowed a person, who was so unfortunate as to fall into their hands, to escape with his life. They killed and murdered without mercy and without discrimination. And not content to waylay the poor traveller on the road, they resorted to extraordinary expedients to lure him into their clutches.

"I had occasion, shortly after sundown, one day, to inquire my way, and the distance to the next tavern. I was told that it was three miles, but my informant warned me not to stop at the inn in question, for no man ever put up there who came out alive in the morning.

"I laughed at him, showed him my pair of double barrelled pistols, and asked him if he supposed any harm was likely to come to me while I was thus armed. He assured me it made no difference how well a man was armed, that every traveller who put up at that tavern was sure to be murdered.

"Gentlemen, I am one of that sort, who, when there is any danger, like to get into the midst of it, if possible. In a word, gentlemen, I was not a man to run away from such a chance to expose myself. My road-side friend begged me not to peril my life, that the tavern had won the name of the 'Murderers' Inn,' and that I should certainly be murdered if I went there. I laughed at him and rode on, for I was on horseback at the time.

"In half an hour or so I rode up to the front door of the inn, and was received by as ill looking a fellow as ever I laid eyes on in the whole course of my life. In reply to my inquiries, he said he could accommodate both me and my horse. So, taking my pistols from the box, I jumped out of the gig—"

"I thought you were on horseback," interposed the pertinacious medical student.

"Did I say I was on horseback?" demanded the captain, with a look of injured dignity.

"Certainly you did."

"I beg your pardon, sir; you misunderstood me; and I particularly request that you will not interrupt me again."

"Go on," said half-a-dozen of the passengers.

"The man took my horse, and proceeded to detach him from the gig—gig, sir, and I beg you will understand me. They gave me a very good supper, and I then had a chance to see the landlady. I am sorry to say it, gentlemen, for I dislike exceedingly to speak ill of the sex, she was quite as ill favored as her husband. I did not like the appearance of them. They certainly looked wicked enough to keep the Murderers' Inn.

"After supper I requested the landlord to show me my chamber, which he did. The house was only one story high, and my room was on the ground floor. After writing one or two letters, I concluded, as I was very tired, that I would retire. Before doing so I carefully examined the room, secured the door and window, so that no one could possibly enter the room without making considerable noise. My pistols then demanded a careful scrutiny, and to make sure I drew the old charges, and loaded them anew. I was satisfied then, and come man or devil, I should not have feared him.

"Placing my weapons so that I could readily grasp them in case anything happened, I lay down on the bed *without taking off my clothes*.

"I had no fears of anything, and in half an hour I was sound asleep. You can judge by that, gentlemen, how much effect the sombre warnings of my road-side friend had upon me; indeed, I had quite forgotten the caution before I went to sleep.

"How long I lay in this state of unconsciousness, I have no means of knowing, but I was suddenly awakened by a violent concussion, the jar of which gave me a dreadful shock. I started up in bed, pistol in hand. My bed was in the cellar of the house!"

"In the cellar?" gasped the student.

"I said so. The murderous scheme was in an instant laid bare to me. My bed had rested on a kind of trap-door, upon which I had been precipitated into the cellar of the house. By the side of my bed, stood two men, each with a glaring torch in one hand, and a long, bloody knife in the other. Gentlemen, I confess that I was a little frightened when I realized my situation.

"But, gentlemen, timidity is no part of my nature, and in an instant I recovered my self-possession. Elevating my pistol, I fired one barrel at one of the assassins, and the other at the second. They dropped dead. Gentlemen, I never miss my aim, in such a desperate emergency as that was.

"Grasping one of the torches, which was not extinguished by the ruffian's fall, I proceeded to examine the subterranean apartment in which I found myself. In one corner, I found the mouldering skeletons of fifteen men, who had, no doubt, been basely murdered. I shuddered, gentlemen, and dropped a tear of pity over the unfortunate victims of the Murderers' Inn, for there are times, gentlemen, when tears are manly.

"I was not yet out of the scrape. How could I know but that there were a dozen more ruffians at hand, ready to despatch me? Besides, I felt uncomfortable. There I was, in the dark cellar—"

"I thought you had a torch," added the student.

"Don't interrupt me, sir," replied the captain, with dignity. "I groped about in the darkness, trying to find an outlet to the place, like Sinbad the Sailor, in the cave of the lions—"

"Just like Sinbad!" sneered the student, who had probably read that veritable story.

"Like Sinbad in the cave of the lions, I was alone with the dead."

"Sinbad was with the lions," added the student.

"Shall I proceed or not?" asked Captain Green, evidently disgusted by the stupidity of the student.

"Go on! go on!" chimed all the passengers.

"What could I do, gentlemen! There I was, in a dark, cellar, with no garment on but my shirt—"

"I thought you didn't take your clothes off!" exclaimed the cavilling student.

"Whew!" said another passenger.

We could stand it no longer, and we all burst into a hearty laugh, which disgusted the captain, and he told no more stories during the journey.

MY FLORA.

A FASHIONABLE PASTORAL.

Tell me, Gentles, have you seen
  My Flora pass this way?
That you may know the Miss I mean,
  Her briefly I'll portray.

No bonnet on her head,
  But on her neck she wears:
An oyster-shell 'tis said
  In size with it compares.
Its shape no eye can brook,
  Its use is doubtful too;
It but imparts a barefaced look,
  And brings much cheek to view.

Her dress may please the Swell
  For its swoln exuberance:
She looks a Monster Belle
  In such Big Ben expanse.
Those air-tubes filled with gas
  Might lift her to the moon;
The small boys mark it as they pass,
  And screech out: "Ah Bal-loon!"

A parasol she bears
  For ornament, not use:
For comfort gloves she wears
  Too tight, and sleeves too loose.
Behind her hangs a hood
  Just level with her chin,
An Indian Squaw might find it good
  To put a baby in.

Of her hair she shows the roots,
  Sham flowers the rest conceal;
And she's crippled by her boots
  With the military heel:
Streets off you hear them stalk
  Whene'er she ventures out;
And she seems to waddle more than walk,
  Her hoops so sway about.

Her figure may be good,
  But that no eye can tell;
A mere lay-figure would
  Show off her dress as well.
She may have ankles neat,
  But they're concealed by shirt,
Which chiefly serves to hide her feet,
  And gather up the dirt.

Then, Gentles, have you seen
  My Flora this way come?
She cannot have unnoticed been,
  She takes up too much room!

—*London Punch.*

A GRATEFUL CLIENT.—When Judge Henderson, of Texas, was first a candidate for office, he visited a frontier county, in which he was, except by reputation, a stranger. Hearing that a trial for felony would take place in a few days, he determined to volunteer for the defence. The prisoner was charged with having stolen a pistol; the defence was "not guilty." The volunteer counsel conducted the defence with great ability. He confused the witnesses, palavered the court, and made an able, eloquent, and successful argument. The prisoner was acquitted—he had not stolen the pistol. The council received the enthusiastic applause of the audience. His innocent client availed himself of the earliest interval in the hurricane of congratulations to take his council aside. "My dear sir," said he, "you have saved me, and I am very grateful. I have no money, do not expect to have any, and do not expect ever to see you again; but to show that I appreciate your services, *you shall have the pistol!*" So saying, he drew from his pocket, and presented to the astonished attorney, the very pistol the attorney had just shown he had never stolen or had in his possession.

A NEW PROCESS.—A western correspondent, who avows himself to have been incited to exertion by the success of the "Hen-Persuader," has invented a "*Mortar-and-Plaster-Mixing Machine*," which, we think, must "come into general use." It is very simple; so are all great inventions. The plan, briefly stated, is as follows:—"First: procure a common mortar-bed; put in the component parts, such as are generally used; then add a little corn, the quantity of which is to be graduated by the quantity of mortar or plaster to be made. Then turn in a few swine; and by the time the corn is gone, the mortar will be ready for use. In making plaster, the swine should stay in over night, to allow time for removing the hair, which the lime will accomplish; thus saving the expense of purchasing that article. The swine can then be removed and slaughtered, without the expense of scraping: thus, together with the labor of mixing, saving at least one-third the cost of the old plan." How this may strike sculptors, masons, lath-and-plasterers, and others interested in plaster, mortar, etc., we of course cannot say; but to us, the invention seems quite a feasible one.—*Knickerbocker.*

☞ Everybody likes polite children. Worthy persons will pay attention to such, speak well of their good manners, and entertain a high opinion of their parents. Children, make a note of this.

PLAYING SOLDIER.

JOHNNY.—When mother said we might go up in her room and play *Soldiers in the Crimea*, I guess, Frank, she didn't think we'd find such a stunnin' Tent as this is.

REASONS FOR WEARING CRISOLINE.—Extracted from a lady in the course of a quadrille.—"Well, I'm sure! What next, I wonder? But it's like you men. Inquisitive creatures! Talk of *women's* curiosity! What is it to *you*, sir, why I wear my crinoline? Getting up statistics, are you? Well—if you're *really* serious—now *promise* you won't laugh—I don't mind telling *you* my reasons why I wear it. Yes, by all means, if you like. Take your pencil out, and write down from my lips just as I tell you.

"I wear crinoline, Mr. *Curious*, because Madame de Flouncey assures me it's the *Thing*. Who's Madame de Flouncey? Oh, she's a French dressmaker, and her establishment's in *Bond* street, and she makes for Lady Dressing-tin; and so, you see, she *must* know. Besides, she assures me it *so much* improves one's figure—especially when one's slim, as every *genteel* person should be. And, then, as Madame de Flouncey says, it gives me such an *air* (no, it's *not*, you wretch! it's *not* blown out with the bellows!) and looks so *distinguished*. Though, to be sure, now one's own servants, as you say, have taken to it, there's not so much *distinction* in the wearing, but there *ought* to be. Still, as Madame de Flouncey says, it certainly *does* set one off; and as that dear, *dear* Empress Eugénie doesn't mind the maid-servants, I don't see why we need.

"Besides, you know, *everybody* wears it now, and one *must* do as everybody else does; one looks so *horribly* affected else. And, I'm sure you *gentlemen* admire it. Oh, yes, you may vow you don't, but I'm *positive* you *do*. There now! And then, you know, it's the *Fashion*. Only look at the fashion-books, and see what *lovely* wide dresses are drawn for us to copy in the pictures of *Le Follet*. Folly? No, Mr. Ignoramus, not folly, at all. Go and learn your *French*, sir!

"'Hides clumsy feet!' How can you be so rude? *Ladies* do not *always* like to have their ankles stared at. Oh, I dare say you meant nothing *personal*. But I'm sure it's very *disagreeable* of you, asking one such questions; and I've a great good mind to stop my tears, and not speak to you again, you odious wretch, you!—taking down one's words, and then taking one up so. Yes, you *do*. And I wish I hadn't said a word to you, you horrid man! Now, don't be so *absurd*, sir—let me take your arm. There's that Miss Jiggleton, I *know*, is quizzing us *abominably*. * * * Oh, how lovely cool it is! I do so *love* a conservatory; don't you? But I haven't told you my *real* reason, yet. You'd like to hear it? Well, then, if you'll *promise* not to tell—I wear my crinoline, Mr. Inquisitive, because I *choose*, sir! There now!"—*London Punch.*

THE WAY HE GOT OVER IT.—Among the first settlers of Kentucky was one John Drake, who was afterwards elected Justice of the Peace. Now John did not profess to be skilled in all the mysteries and intricacies of the law, neither did he think it necessary that he should be, for, as he understood it, his duty as squire was simply to preserve the peace and dispense justice, which he intended to do at all hazards, whether he did it legally or not. He had books containing the laws of the State of *Vermont*, also several decisions, forms of deeds, mortgages, warrants, etc., which were of much service to him in the discharge of his official duties. One day his neighbor A. came to him in great haste, saying he had missed a handsaw, which had probably been stolen, and suspected B. to be guilty of the theft, as he was the only man in the neighborhood who would be likely to do such a thing, consequently he wanted a search-warrant to search the premises of the said B., whereupon the squire turned to his books for a form of a search-warrant for a handsaw? He was quite sure he must have one somewhere, but after seeking for an hour, *without finding anything about a handsaw*, he concluded it must have been mislaid. However, he found something relative to *stolen turkeys*, which would answer every purpose, so he issued a search-warrant for *turkeys*, instructing A., at the same time, *if he found the saw while looking for the turkeys, to take it*, and it would be all right.

SPURGEON'S IDEAS OF DANCING.—The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has discovered that dancing is a very healthy exercise, and to be commended, but it is the dancing of ladies with gentlemen that is so objectionable, and so he recommends that they practice the entertainment separately. We fear that this arrangement will not find much favor with either sex. A ladies' quadrille is pretty enough; but what shall be said of eight fellows with beards on their faces grimly doing *L'Eté* in pursuit of health and gratification?—However, there is nothing like novelty, and the least that the aristocrats who are advertised as patronising Mr. Spurgeon, and who would condemn the "vulgar curiosity" of humbler sermon hunters, can do is to try his plan at their own re-unions. "He-quadrilles," "She-polkas," would make a good card of invitation. Surely the titled patrons of this individual are not going to discredit him by showing that his labors produce no fruit.

☞ THE CLOAK OF RELIGION.—It may be known sometimes by the *fine cap* it has during sermon time.

Useful Receipts.

ECONOMY IN BOOTS.—How to make three pair of boots last as long as six and longer. The following extract is from Colonel Macerone's Seasonable Hints, which appeared in the Mechanic's Magazine, dated Feb. 3, 1848. After stating the utility of sheepskin clothing, for persons whose employment renders it necessary that they should be much out of doors, &c., he says:—

I will not conclude, without inviting the attention of your readers to a cheap and easy method of preserving their feet from wet, and their boots from wear. I have only had three pair of boots for the last six years, (no shoes,) and I think that I shall not require any other for the next six years to come. The reason is that I treat them in the following manner:—I put a pound of tallow and a half pound of rosin into a pot on the fire; when melted and mixed, I warm the boots and apply the hot stuff with a painter's brush, until neither the sole or upper leathers will suck in any more. If it is desired that the boots should immediately take polish, dissolve an ounce of turpentine, to which add a teaspoonful of lampblack. A day or two after the boots have been treated with the tallow and rosin, rub over them the wax in turpentine, but not before the fire. Thus the exterior will have a coat of wax, alone, and shine like a mirror. Tallow, or any other grease becomes rancid, and rots the stiching as well as the leather; but the rosin gives it an antiseptic quality which preserves the whole. Boots or shoes should be so large as to admit of wearing in them cork soles—cork is a bad conductor of heat.

TO MAKE HENS LAY IN WINTER.—Provide: 1. A comfortable roost. 2. Plenty of sand, gravel, and ashes, *dry*, to play in. 3. A box of lime. 4. Boiled meat, chopped fine, every two or three days. 5. Corn and oats, beat if boiled tender. 6. All the crumbs and potato parings. This treatment has proved quite successful, and hens which, without it, gave no eggs, with it immediately laid one each, on an average, every two days.

TO CLEAN SILKS, COTTONS, AND WOOLLENS.—Grate raw potatoes to a fine pulp in clean water, and in this state pass them through a coarse sieve into a separate vessel. Let this stand till the fine white particles of the potatoes be precipitated; then pour the mucilaginous liquor from the fecula, and preserve it for use. The article to be cleaned being laid on a linen cloth, on a table, dip a clean sponge in the liquor, and apply it to the same till the dirt is perfectly separated; then wash, or rinse it in clean water several times. For a pint of water two middling sized potatoes are enough. The coarse pulp which does not pass through the sieve, is of great use in cleansing worsted curtains, tapestry, carpets, and other coarse goods. The mucilaginous liquor will clean all sorts of silk, cotton, or woollen goods, without injuring the color; it may also be used in cleansing oil paintings, or soiled furniture. Mixed with a little fine sand, it will clean painted wainscots.

HINT ABOUT TEA-MAKING.—I had a large kettle made, holding eight quarts, and put a coffee filter to it. I then placed the rations of tea for about twenty men in the filter, poured in the boiling water, and, to my astonishment, made about one-fourth more tea, perfectly clear, and without the least sediment. This, reader, I claim more as a happy thought than an invention; but I always had an idea that tea should be suspended in the water instead of being allowed to fall to the bottom.—*Soyer's Campaign.*

TO PREVENT HORSES FROM "BALLING."—A blacksmith—an old acquaintance of mine—says a piece of sheet-iron (old stove pipe will answer the purpose) placed between the shoe and the hoof, will prevent the snow from adhering to the feet, and thus remedy that sore evil to teamsters—"balling."—*Prairie Farmer.*

TO CURE CHAPPED HANDS OR FEET.—To cure chapped hands or feet, which are so common in spring and fall, wash them clean, dry them before the fire, and then rub them over with vinegar. When the surface is dry, wash the acid off again with clear warm water, and when dry, apply to the chapped parts cream; but if it cannot be had, milk may be substituted with good effect. Rub two or three coats over the parts affected, and dry it before the fire. The pain will be relieved at once, and the sores will immediately heal up. Those who are in the habitual use of lye, potash, or any other corrosive substance, will do well to remember this.

HERETICS.—James Lainez, a Jesuit, wrote to Faber, another of the same order, then employed in converting German heretics to the Roman Catholic faith, for some rules to direct the Society how to proceed with them. Faber returned a sensible answer, and laid down the following rules:

1. Sincerely love heretics yourselves.
2. Engage them by your behavior to love you.

This was certainly good advice, worthy to be attended to by Protestants as well as Roman Catholics.—*Cope's Anecdotes.*

Agricultural.

ROOFS.

The roofs of all farm-buildings are an important consideration. Shingles made out of pine, cedar, chestnut or oak, are better for farmers than slate, or tin, or zinc, or lead.

Good chestnut shingles cut from old timber will last a long time on roofs which are properly shaped. As to pine, we want that from old swamp trees. It will last for an age or two on well-framed roofs. We actually know of roofs which now turn water well, though the shingles (swamp pine) were put on fifty-five years ago.

In regard to the direction of the roofs, we have often stated that the ridge pole—or ridge where there is no pole, should run as nearly north and south as circumstances will permit. In cities you cannot often have a choice, but in the country the case is different, as you have more room.

When one side of the roof lies directly to the sun, the shingles may be warped too much—yet they last longer than those on the back side, or north side, for these often hold water for weeks in succession, and they rot and let the water through.

More roofs become leaky for the want of the sun, and of a dry air, than such as are so shaded that they are seldom dry. Roofs that face east and west have the sun on both sides during the day; and you will find that the shingles on the east side will last longer than those on the west, because they have the advantage of a morning sun. They are sooner dried, as the morning sun is famous for taking off the dew that is dropped on the roofs through the night, long before the western slope is aware of its approach.

The modern fashion of making broad wings to the roofs of buildings is of no service in our view, except in case of hurricanes—such as we had in 1815, and in later years. Such gusts seem quite partial to the roofs, leaving the main body of the building to be covered again, and in a better manner.

The boarding of a roof should never be so close as to prevent a free circulation of air under the shingles. Many carpenters put on stripe four inches wide and leave four inches open.

Good shingles fourteen or fifteen inches long may as well be laid six inches to the weather as four and a half inches, and they will last longer as they are sooner dried after a storm.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

A FEAT IN CULTIVATION.—Mr. Richard Corke, of Maidstone, (Eng.) recently laid four wagers that by his system of cultivation he would produce more Grapes, Melons, Cucumbers, Strawberries, and Vegetable Marrows, or in fact any vegetable whatever, than could be done by another in the ordinary way, and won them all easily. These wagers originated in a conversation taking place in the company of several gentlemen, one of whom had presented Mr. Corke with some eyes of Grapes and some Vegetable Marrow seed of fine quality. On making inquiry how they answered, Mr. Corke asserted that the canes of the Vines would average more than 20 feet before the year came round, having been potted October 25, 1856, and planted out in a new hothouse just finished building on March 7, 1857. At first Mr. Corke wished to decline the wager, as he told the gentleman he must win to a certainty. Being however pressed, he accepted a bet for two rods to average 90 feet. This they considerably exceeded, and at the same time three other bets were made respecting the Vegetable Marrow, Mr. Epps and Mr. Bunyard, the well-known horticulturists, being appointed to survey and watch progress. The stem of the Vegetable Marrow was 8 inches round; its bine, together with leaves and stems, measured upwards of 8,000 feet, the wager being that Mr. Corke would not produce more than 1,600 feet. Upwards of 400 fruit were cut from this Leviathan Marrow plant. This discovery will be made public in a treatise nearly completed. Mr. Corke's plan is so simple that a mere child after some slight instruction could produce the same effect.—*J. G. Lomax, in Gardener's Chronicle.*

CUTTING POTATOES.—The practice of cutting potatoes, is adopted by many as a matter of economy. Experience, however, seems to have established, that the practice has an injurious influence upon the crop, especially when the planting is early, and the soil and weather cold. Last season, in order to test the thing, I tried several experiments, the results of which were in every case in favor of the uncut seed. The method adopted was as follows:—Two rows of cut potatoes were planted in the centre of a piece—the tubers being divided as nearly in the centre as practicable—and two pieces allowed to each hill. This was tried on four different pieces of the vegetable, and each piece in a different field. On digging the roots, it was found that the yield of the cut rows was less by one-tenth, by weight, than that of the uncut ones, and in point of size, a still more marked difference. I never plant the smallest or the largest potatoes, but select those of medium size, and allow two potatoes to the hill.—*Corres. of Germantown Telegraph.*

LIME FOR POTATOES.—A correspondent, Smith Groom, of Troy, N. Y., informs us, that his experience in the culture of potatoes has convinced him that about a handful of dry slacked lime placed in each hill tends to prevent the potato rot. The lime, he states, brings the potatoes earlier to maturity, and imparts to them a vigor which resists the attacks of the disease. An experiment with lime can be conducted by any of our farmers at a small expense, and if it does not prevent the potato rot, the lime will certainly enrich the soil for other crops.—*Scientific American.*

CARROTS ON THE SAME GROUND EVERY YEAR.—Our esteemed correspondent, H. H. Taylor, of East Rodman, Jefferson county, N. Y., says:

I have raised carrots four years in succession on the same land, and believe it best to set apart a piece of land for this purpose, if manure can be obtained to put on every year free from all kinds of weed seeds. The longer you grow carrots on the same ground, the cleaner and mellower it will it be, provided they are properly cultivated.—*Genesee Farmer.*

☞ Sydney Smith says that "people often imagine themselves pious when they are only bilious." Sydney ought to have known the difference between a Serious disposition and a Serious indisposition.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 41 letters.
My 37, 29, 17, 9, 23, 24, is an elephant-headed god w is invoked on every occasion by the Hindoos.
My 30, 24, 9, 35, 39, 24, 25, is a palm which grows the East, whose leaves are each thirty feet breadth.
My 38, 5, 24, 33, 24, 14, 37, 9, 20, 17, 5, is a small oval about the size of a pea, situated in the centre of the brain, and is found to contain, even in children, some particles of gravel.
My 3, 9, 16, 30, 12, 27, 18, 1, 15, 40, is usually known as the laughing philosopher.
My 16, 13, 37, 26, 9, was a king who reigned in the seventeenth century, and was famous, among other things, for nearly exterminating wild beasts from the region of Hindostan.
My 13, 32, 35, 28, was a poet exiled for life to the shores of the Black Sea.
My 22, 4, 24, 41, 13, 11, 20, 10, 29, 41, 15, 11, fired the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, solely to make himself a name.
My 2, 3, 4, 11, 12, 21, 31, 6, 14, was a noted astronomer.
My 24, 19, 20, 13, 36, 20, was a distinguished Roman.
My whole is a source of delight to many young Americans.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 1, 7, 4, was one of Norah's sons.
My 2, 9, 4, is a small worm.
My 3, 5, 8, is part of a horse.
My 4, 7, is a word used in speaking to a parent.
My 5, 6, 9, is a word denoting anger.
My 6, 7, 4, is a sheep.
My 7, 1, 10, is an interjection.
My 8, 9, 10, 11, is necessary to young ladies.
My 9, 7, 8, is part of the head.
My 10, 3, 4, is part of the body.
My 11, 4, 8, 9, 3, is a color used in painting.
My whole was an eloquent orator of France.

A. H. W.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 15, 5, 2, is part of your apparel.
My 32, 24, 29, is an animal.
My 25, 20, 30, 18, 26, is another name for a fool.
My 27, 16, 13, 27, 28, is a name for a man at a certain time.
My 4, 16, 8, 9, 22, is a female name.
My 10, 7, 6, 12, is the propelling power of som vessels.
My 14, 26, 15, 27, 29, is an intoxicating drink.
My 1, 19, 8, 3, is a Latin word.
My 11, 17, is a pronoun.
My 12, 31, is an adjective.
My 22, 23, 30, 21, is something we see in winter.
My whole is an old proverb.

Wheeling. YOUNG AMERICA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

He was sitting sad and lone,
  With my first upon his head,
While around the wind did moan
  As if sighing for the dead.
Thinking of a time when he—
  Free from every care and sorrow—
Did not dream that there might be
  Trouble for him on the morrow.

He had loved a gentle maid,
  And she vowed to be his wife;
Ah, how fondly he had prayed
  She would be his light and life!
They were happy in their love,
  And their plans together reckoned,
For the sphere in which to move
  When the priest had made my second.

But alas! for human hope!
  Death, relentless, claimed his bride,
And left him with grief to cope,
  Till my whole he's laid beside.
She hath gone to that bright home,
  There to sing her Maker's praise;
He is sitting sad and lone,
  Thinking of departed days.

GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a part of the body
  That's essential to man;
My second's what some men are,
  Now, guess it if you can.

In Pennsylvania's favored land
  My whole you'll surely find;
A county it will bring to view,
  Where creeks and streamlets wind.

Pequea, Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sweet, red apples on the tree
  Were hanging bright and gay,
But in my first there came a thief
  And stole them all away.
Then to his home on my second's back
  He did them quick convey,
And in his dreams my whole appeared,
  And held most frightful sway.

Wildwood Cottage. A. M. M.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Bee an ox.	Send her on.
Rat can tic.	A still true.
Net crawlee.	O ruth as I came.
Step in ale.	Lone times.
U red cat.	No sand men.
Sale ramble.	Rifle de chest.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B and C were talking of their ages, when A said to B: "Ten years ago I was twice as old as you." B said to C: "Twelve years ago, one-fourth of your age was equal to mine." C said to A: "Two years from now I will be four-fifths as old as you are." What was the age of each? J. T. P.

Fairfield, Ohio.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why should physicians have a greater horror of the sea than anybody else? Ans.—Because they are more liable to see sickness.

☞ What animal has the most brains? Ans.—The hog. He has a hogshead full of 'em.

☞ Who was the man who first introduced salt provisions into the navy? Ans.—Noah; for he took Ham into the ark.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—The Convent of St. Bernard. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Benedict Arnold. CHARADE.—Bargains.—RIDDLE.—Spark (Park, Spar.) CHARADE.—Dayton. ANAGRAMS.—Saturday Evening Post, Henry Peterson, Editor. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.—2515.5375 acres.

HE IS A BRICK.—I was told once by an old servant that I was "a brick, both sides alike!" The latter part of his address struck me as being something new, so I inquired what it meant. "What!" said the servant, "did you never hear that before, sir? It means you are the same inside as out; that is, you say and do as you feel, and are the same behind a person's back as before his face." Perhaps this may give some clue as to the probable origin of the saying.—*Notes and Queries.*